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## REVIEW OF POLITICS.

THE full accounts which have now reached us place beyond a doubt the atrocity of the bombardment of Sonderborg. It is certain that no military object has been attained by it; and it is scarcely possible to think that the Prussian commander believed that it could have the slightest bearing upon the prospects of the war. He must have been aware that the total destruction of this unhappy town could not dismount one single cannon upon the Dybbøl bastions; and we are told that the storm of shell which has been poured into the place has not injured the bridges which supply the means of communication between Alsen and the mainland, or between Sonderborg and Dybbøl. But even if this had been otherwise, nothing is clearer than that it was the duty of Marshal von Wrangel to have given the non-combatants timely notice to quit their habitations before he commenced operations. Now we are assured, on the best authority, that no intimation of the intended bombardment was given, and that not one minute was allowed for the removal of these inoffensive and defenceless people. Indeed the Prussians themselves admit that this was the case; for all they urge in their own defence is, that some weeks ago they intimated that as Sonderborg was part of the fortifications of Dybbøl it was liable to bombardment. But such a plea does not extenuate in the slightest degree the outrage which has been committed against humanity, nor the violation of the modern practice of war which has taken place. The people of Sonderborg were not likely to remove because they were told in a vague and general manner that some day or other their town might be shelled. They had a right to wait for that special twenty-four hours' notice which according to recent usage is always given before a town is attacked. They did so wait; and the Prussian general must have known when he opened fire that it was against houses filled with unarmed men, women, and children that he was directing it. He could not, as a military man, have been unaware of the consequences of his act. He must have foreseen the havoc and the slaughter which have this week been described to us so vividly by the English correspondents with the Danish army; and so foreseeing he must have deliberately resolved upon the perpetration of a piece of cruelty so monstrous that it is said to have moved even his own countrymen to shame. But in truth his conduct was only of a piece with the whole course which he and his Government are pursuing towards Denmark. They are carrying on this war as if the Danes in defending their independence are committing some crime for which they deserve punishment. Although they profess only to seek the possession

of Slesvig as a material guarantee, they are acting not merely as if it were a conquered country, but as if its inhabitants were revolted subjects of the Prussian monarchy. The local officers who were loyal to King Christian have been removed; the circulation of Danish money has been stopped; monuments which had been erected to Danes who fell in the former war have been destroyed; fresh contributions have been levied upon the inhabitants at the point of the bayonet; and the capture of Prussian cavalry has been avenged by burning and wasting the farms in the neighbourhood of the occurrence. The bombardment of Sonderborg is only the latest of a series of acts which must by this time have convinced every one that as the Germans commenced this war without justification, they are determined to pursue it without generosity or mercy; and that as its beginning was a wanton breach of the peace of Europe, its continuance is likely to be marked by shameless outrages upon humanity and reckless violations of right.

Although the Prussians have been again defeated in an attempt upon one of the Dybbøl bastions, it is clear that their siegeworks have been carried on without much interruption, and that they are now nearly arrived at the point when we may expect the delivery of a general assault. Competent observers inform us that the Danish fortifications are not as yet much injured; but they have yet to endure the trial to which they will be subjected from the breaching batteries which the Prussians will erect on the completion of their third parallel. The superiority of the German artillery, both in quantity and in quality, is so great, that it is impossible to augur very favourably of the ultimate result, although no doubt everything which valour and self-devotion can do will be done in defence of the last Danish position on the mainland of Slesvig. Even, however, if this be lost, the island of Alsen remains; and by the aid of the *Rolf Krake* and the gun-boats an army stationed there ought to be capable of a prolonged and desperate resistance. We may, indeed, venture to hope that before Dybbøl falls the Conference may succeed in finding some terms upon which the Danes can accept an armistice without sacrifice of their honour. If it cannot do this, we certainly do not see with what chance of a favourable result it can address itself to the far more difficult task of negotiating a permanent peace. In truth, notwithstanding the confidence which Lord Palmerston professes, and Earl Russell perhaps really feels, in the result of its deliberations, we can as yet see very little reason for anticipating that they will lead to such an arrangement as will be acceptable to Denmark, or satisfactory to England. It is true that Austria and Prussia still profess their respect for the treaty of 1852, and disclaim any intention to violate the integrity



or destroy the independence of Denmark. But such declarations really amount to nothing. We know what they ought to mean; but we do not know what interpretation will be given to them by the Cabinets of Vienna and Berlin. It is said that in those quarters the integrity of Denmark is thought to be secured by the existence of a mere personal union between the kingdom and the Duchies, and that her independence is deemed to be compatible with the conversion of Rendsburgh into a Federal fortress and Kiel into a Federal harbour. If such are the views put forth on the part of Germany, we do not see by whom they are likely to be effectually combated. It is not flattering to our respect, but it is nevertheless the bitter truth, that England cannot hope to exercise the slightest authority in the Conference, unless indeed Lord Clarendon should succeed in the rather undignified mission on which it is understood that he has been despatched to Paris. Whether by concessions in other directions her Majesty's Government may succeed in obtaining from France a support which has now become necessary to their Ministerial existence, it is of course impossible to say. We cannot, however, help fearing that the bargain may be a hard one, and that its terms may be little calculated to exalt the independence of our foreign policy. In the absence of such an understanding, the Emperor's efforts will probably be directed to ensuring the failure of a Conference which is not his own. He has much to gain by prolonging the present situation, and by increasing to the utmost the existing alienation amongst the Great Powers who were allies in the war against his uncle. It is difficult to suppose that he seriously believes in the possibility of deciding the quarrel between Denmark and Germany by universal suffrage of the inhabitants of the Duchies; and we can, therefore, only regard the ventilation of such a scheme as an indication that he is at present bent upon rendering the Conference abortive. If indeed Austria be not lost to all sense of her own position, the mere suggestion of such a mode of deciding the fate of nationalities will prompt her to patch up an accommodation as speedily as possible. But the recent conduct of this Power does not authorise us to rely upon the prudence any more than upon the good faith of her statesmen.

It is not very creditable to the House of Commons that they should have allowed the upper and less energetic branch of the legislature to get the start of them in discussing the recent foreign policy of her Majesty's Ministers. The debate which occupied the House of Lords during a sitting of unwonted length on Monday last may not be attended with any more practical result than that of proving the inability of the Opposition to make the conduct of the Government towards Denmark the subject of a party attack. But it cannot be said that Earl Russell succeeded in dispelling the general impression, that his policy has been neither dignified nor consistent. It still remains true that he has either said too much or done too little; nor can any amount of explanation obscure the patent facts that by his policy the character of the country has been lowered, that our rivals have been indulged with the spectacle of our discomfiture, and that friends have been made to smart under a sense of betrayal. As Earl Derby truly observed, the diligence with which he produced despatches was truly marvellous. There is only one thing more surprising—and that is the reliance which he retained up to the last moment in the efficacy of these paper pellets. Until the invasion of Slesvig actually took place, he seems never to have doubted that Austria and Prussia might be talked out of their designs; and when he found that they would not, he resigned himself to inaction with as much complacency as he ever abandoned an Appropriation clause or threw overboard a Reform bill. But the tactics which may suit the exigencies of parliamentary parties, and inflict no serious injury upon their reputation, cannot be applied with impunity to the direction of the foreign policy of a great nation. In the one case, the disappointment of just expectations and the forfeiture of implied pledges entail nothing worse than some damaging and annoying quotations from "Hansard." In the other, they are accompanied by a real loss of power and influence on the part of a country which has the misfortune to be represented by a Minister who writes without caution and acts without courage. Earl Russell has behaved on the Danish question as he has done on many others. His strong despatches to the German powers, and his weak retreat as soon as he found they were in earnest,

are nothing but a repetition of a very old story. He has once more written "No Popery" on the wall—and run away. The Government, in the person of Mr. Lowe, have sustained another defeat upon Lord R. Cecil's motion in regard to the mutilation of the Education Inspectors' reports. Such divisions cannot take place without in some degree injuring the position of a Ministry. If they do nothing else, they act as an encouragement to its assailants. At the same time, it must be admitted that the very *minimum* of damage is sustained by an adverse vote of which Mr. Lowe is the victim. For one thing, he is used to it; and the public are so thoroughly prepared to hear that he is beaten whenever he fights, that they have begun to take it quite as a matter of course. No Ministry suffers much from its "dirty boy" getting a few more splashes of mud. Moreover it is notorious that the right hon. gentleman owes to his personal bearing so much of the mortification which is inflicted upon him, that it is not difficult to dissociate his failures from the general merits of the Government. Mr. Gladstone has consented to refer his Government Annuities Bill to a select committee; but as this body will not be empowered to take evidence, its labours are not likely to be of long duration, nor can its appointment be regarded as a mode of shelving the measure. Indeed, the opinion both of the country and of the House of Commons seems lately to have inclined sensibly in favour of the Bill, and so far as we can judge, the Chancellor of the Exchequer has every prospect of carrying it successfully through Parliament. The House of Commons has once more manifested its confirmed disinclination to assist in the work of its own reform. The rejection of Mr. Locke King's Bill for extending the county franchise foreshadows the fate which awaits Mr. Barnes's measure for lowering that of boroughs. This indifference to Parliamentary reform may, as advanced Liberals assert, be very disgraceful to a body which was elected expressly to further that great cause. All that can be said in their favour is that the country seems thoroughly to approve the "masterly inaction" which has replaced the Radical enthusiasm of their hustings speeches.

Garibaldi has entered London, and has received such a welcome as was never before given to any private man. It was impossible to look without wonder and admiration upon the immense multitude who thronged the streets of the metropolis on Monday last to do honour to the Italian patriot. For, after every deduction that must be made for spurious elements in any popular demonstration, there remains the great and gratifying fact that some hundreds of thousands of our people—of all ranks and classes—proved themselves ready and eager to do honour to simple greatness and sterling worth. The spectacle was all the more significant—the tribute was all the more remarkable—because General Garibaldi comes amongst us in some degree a beaten man. At all events, his last important step was a failure—and a failure which many of his most ardent friends are unable to regret. We cannot, therefore, be accused of throwing ourselves before the chariot wheels of a prosperous and triumphant leader. What has been done, and said, and shouted, has been for the sake and in admiration of the man himself, of his true nobility and real greatness. It has been a spontaneous manifestation of the best feelings, from whose heart it has come directly. Hitherto nothing has occurred to narrow the breadth of this general sympathy of which Garibaldi has been the object. Nothing has taken place which could colour his visit with political significance, or render it subservient to the interest of any party. We trust that this may continue to be the case, both for our own sake, and for the sake of Garibaldi and of Italy.

The world has acquired a new Emperor. The Archduke Maximilian has at last definitely accepted the throne of Mexico; and devoted himself to the political regeneration of the interesting people who were fortunate enough to excite the benevolent sympathies of Louis Napoleon. We trust that the trouble which the Archduke seems to have had in settling matters with his own family before his departure, may not be an omen of more serious embarrassments which await him on the other side of the Atlantic. But although he no doubt feels the most perfect confidence in the stability of the throne which he has just mounted, he seems to have been reluctant to abandon more than was necessary of the advantages which he enjoyed as a member of the Hapsburg family. He has burned as few of his ships as he could help; and although he has surrendered his right



of succession to the Austrian throne so long as he shall reign in Mexico, his right is to revive in case it should turn out that the revolutionary energy of the Mexicans has not yet entirely spent itself. For our own part we hope sincerely that he may have no occasion to hanker after a European throne. The more successful he is in regenerating Mexico, in developing its vast resources, and in calling out whatever capabilities for good its people may happen to possess, the better Englishmen will be pleased. We can have no sort of jealousy of a Mexican empire; nor do we bear it the slightest ill-will because it was founded by France.

The most remarkable feature in the recent American news is the extraordinary cavalry raid of the Confederate General Forrest. Having defeated a Federal force of the same arm which accompanied General Sherman, and having thus compelled the retreat of the latter commander, Forrest seems to have ridden north at the head of some 7,000 men. After sweeping over West Tennessee, surprising Union City, and capturing there 500 Federal troops, he entered Kentucky, and rode boldly on until he watered his horses on the river Ohio. Such an incursion speaks volumes on two points. It is clear that an enterprise of this kind would never have been attempted had the population of these States been really friendly to the North and antagonistic to the South. It is also manifest that the Federal forces in that part of the Union must have been few in number, or that there must have been some singular incapacity on the part of their commanders. In all probability there is some truth in both these explanations. Undoubtedly, this rapid and apparently unmolested march of Forrest tends very much to confirm the opinion that the Federals have not on foot at this moment an army of extraordinary dimensions. If they do possess the men, where are they? So far as we know they are not to be found in overwhelming force either on the Potomac or in East Tennessee; and it would now seem that West Tennessee and Kentucky must be almost bare of troops. In all likelihood it will some day be discovered that the failure of the Washington Government to obtain recruits has been far more considerable than we are at present aware of. The direct military bearing of this cavalry raid may not be very important. But it must have a great moral effect in encouraging the partisans of the Confederacy in the Border States; and in preventing those states from settling down in contented submission to Mr. Lincoln's rule. Even the President's own state of Illinois is becoming the scene of frequent outbreaks. He will hardly venture now to rely on the continuance of tranquillity in Kentucky and Tennessee. The success of Forrest will probably occasion the detachment of troops from the more important seats of war, and will thus indirectly assist the Southerners in the campaign which they are on the point of opening. Their plans are prudently and properly concealed, but report attributes to General Johnston the design of moving against the Northern army in East Tennessee. There are at present no signs of a forward movement on the part of either of the principal Federal armies; but there are abundant indications of vacillating counsels and of unsettled purposes on the part of the Government and of their new Commander-in-Chief, General Grant.

#### ENGLAND AND DENMARK.

Most Englishmen must have read with feelings of deep humiliation the recent debate in the House of Lords upon the Danish policy of her Majesty's Government. We have no desire for war; on the contrary, we earnestly deprecate such a calamity. We do not think that it is the duty of this country to play a Quixotic part in the quarrels of European States. Although it is both wicked and foolish to attempt to isolate ourselves from the affairs of a continent with which we are closely connected, we have no wish to see England assume the office of general redresser of wrongs and asserter of rights. But while we are content to take our fair share and no more, in the maintenance of the general European equilibrium and in the defence of the integrity and independence of minor Powers, we are entitled to demand that those who have our honour in keeping should act consistently and with foresight, upon this view of our position and responsibilities. They ought to make up their minds at the very commencement of a serious controversy how far they are prepared to commit England, either alone or in conjunction with allies, to the sup-

port of one party or the other, and should regulate their course throughout by the determination at which they may arrive. The character of the country is lowered and its dignity is compromised if her Foreign Minister first uses language which warrants the belief that he is prepared to act without reference to the assistance of others; and then, when that assistance is refused, falls back upon the plea that the business in hand is no more ours than that of hesitating France or indifferent Russia. But this appears to us exactly what has recently occurred. We had at the outset no peculiar interest or duty in defending Denmark. We might well have refrained from tendering any advice either to her or to the German Powers, except in common with the other signatories of the Treaty of 1852. We were not called upon to address to Austria and Prussia any warnings or menaces to which France and Russia were not parties. Nor if we had abstained from doing so, could any one have accused us of pursuing a line unworthy of a great nation. Instead of this, however, it is abundantly clear that our Foreign Minister went on writing confident despatches, without troubling himself about the co-operation of other Powers, until even he became aware that despatches were of no use. He only became alive to the necessity of combined measures when he had committed his own country to a course as to which those whom he addressed had carefully guarded their liberty of action. Earl Russell cannot defend his abandonment of Slesvig to invasion, on the ground that France and Russia declined to intervene in January last, unless he can show that he had previously made the Danes aware that our assistance was contingent upon the support of those Powers.

We cannot discover that anything of the kind was done. On the contrary, after France had very significantly declined to tender any counsel to the King of Denmark, we persisted in pressing it upon him. We did not, it is true, say in so many words that if certain measures were taken we would stand by him; but we did say what amounted to nearly the same thing, that if certain measures were not taken he must expect no assistance from us. Amongst honourable men such language can only be understood in one way. Lord Wodehouse indeed asserts that the Danish Government did not so understand it, because he says that they were constantly complaining that her Majesty's Ministers would not give them a promise of support. But the very fact of their "complaining" shows their impression that they had a right to such a promise. They knew that they were dependent upon our honour, and, without distrusting it, they very naturally desired the security of a definite diplomatic engagement. It is idle for a debtor to try to evade the force of facts which tend to show that his creditor has a right to a legal security, by proving that this was not actually given. And yet this is, at most, all that Lord Wodehouse does; for he cautiously abstains from saying that the Danes had not—rightly or wrongly—been led to expect that for which they asked a formal guarantee. Nor is it surprising that they should have entertained such an idea, if they were aware of the tone of Earl Russell's despatches to the German powers during the whole of last autumn. Even so early as August, 1863, when nothing beyond Federal execution was in contemplation, the noble earl commenced warning Austria and Prussia that "they must be responsible for the consequences, whatever they might be." He followed this up by assuring the Diet that Her Majesty's Government could not see a military occupation "with indifference"—a phrase, as Lord Derby justly remarked, of very serious import in diplomatic language. On the 9th of November, Germany was once more threatened with "the responsibility of risking a general European war." And even so lately as January 14—after France had declined to co-operate with us—we find the noble earl still informing the Prussian Minister that "the invasion of Slesvig might lead to assistance to Denmark on the part of this country." When we held such language to both the parties to the dispute, and above all when we held it after the Prime Minister had in his place in Parliament in August last declared that if the territory of Denmark was invaded she would not stand alone, it is not surprising that, to use the words of the Earl of Derby, there should now be "a prevalent impression that however England may bluster, and however loudly she may talk, there is not the slightest danger of her interfering materially to exercise influence or control in the affairs of Europe."

Let us not be misunderstood. Our complaint is not that England did not go to war alone on behalf of Denmark, but that the conduct of our Government rendered it impossible to pursue with honour the path of prudence. They formed an altogether exaggerated idea of the effect which their menacing despatches would produce. They confided so thoroughly in



the strength of the "political cobwebs" which Earl Russell went on spinning day after day, "utterly regardless of every single thread being swept away one after the other," that they did not think it necessary until the last moment to consider what was to follow if the diplomatic flies refused to be caught, or broke through their meshes. They lived from hand to mouth, and steadily acted upon the principle naïvely avowed by Lord Cowley, of never anticipating difficulties. The result was that they had at last no alternative but a disgraceful retreat or a rash advance. We believe that if they had possessed more foresight, they might not only have avoided such an alternative, but might have attained the object which they had in view. France is as much or more interested than we are in preserving the independence of Denmark; and she would probably not have shown herself insensible to this, if our precipitancy had not encouraged her to hope that by standing aloof she might obtain the advantage of seeing England either engaged without allies in a war with the German powers, or staggering under the blow of a severe diplomatic defeat. Had Earl Russell insisted on coming to an understanding with the Emperor's Ministers at first instead of at last; had he made it plain that Louis Napoleon had nothing to expect from inaction but the easy triumph of the German powers, that astute sovereign would probably have seen that it was expedient to make a firm stand with us against the invasion of Slesvig. Instead of that, we took the course of first committing ourselves, and then asking to be assisted out of a scrape of our own making. It is not surprising that the Emperor should have decided upon leaving us to make the best of our embarrassment. Earl Grey thinks, indeed, that there was really no embarrassment at all. But we confess our inability to concur in his opinion that the despatch of British troops to the Eider would have stayed the advance of the Austrian and Prussian armies. Looking to the state of feeling which existed in Germany, we fear that Austria dare not have hung back from an encounter in which she would not have had to meet any one of the great military Powers in Europe. At the same time, we confess that it is with great astonishment we find Earl Russell assigning as a reason for not resisting her, that the probable consequence of a war with England would have been an invasion of Venetia and a rising in Hungary and Galicia. If Austria chose to risk a revolutionary war, that was her business, not ours; and we might very well—adopting the noble Earl's own favourite course—have told her to "take the responsibility." So long as Austria is a conservative and pacific Power, she is entitled to respect and support. But when she becomes an aggressive Power, she has no right to expect that those whose remonstrances she disregards, or whose territory she invades, should spare her because of her weakness.

The Government appears still determined to take a hopeful view of the position of affairs. The Foreign Secretary sets against the occupation of Slesvig the fact that Austria and Prussia have recently declared themselves bound by the Treaty of 1852; and congratulates himself that they are ready to profess, as often as they are asked, a plenary respect for the integrity of that Denmark which they are actively engaged in dismembering. Such declarations are, however, utterly vague and unmeaning; and it is mere trifling to talk as if the slightest confidence could be reposed in the assurances of Powers who have violated, one after another, half a dozen promises which they have made within the last few months. Nor do we see much ground for anticipating a favourable result from the meeting of the Conference. Austria and Prussia will enter it flushed with the advantage they have gained over England, and confident in their power to conquer Denmark. England has lost her authority; nor can she regain it by any amount of skilful negotiation. The object of France is probably at present rather to promote division than to facilitate a fair and equitable arrangement. We fear, therefore, that the Danes have little to hope from the diplomatists. Their best reliance is still upon their own sturdy valour and their own unconquerable patriotism. Assailed by overwhelming odds, suffering from the rigours of a war carried on with a relentless ferocity to which Europe has for some time been a stranger; deserted by allies, and unsupported even by a kindred nation—they have hitherto refused to despair of the republic. We cling to the hope that the spectacle of their heroic constancy and their unmerited sufferings will, before long, excite the active sympathy of other nations. It will be a lasting disgrace to modern civilization if, after all our denunciations of the partition of Poland, we suffer a still more ancient and a far more unoffending country, to be dismembered by an act of spoliation not less monstrous than that which has left so dark a blot on the history of the last century.

#### MR. LOWE, M.P., AND THE INSPECTORS OF SCHOOLS.

MR. LOWE'S uses in the Palmerston Administration are peculiar, and by no means exclusively departmental. When the Opposition want sport, he is brought out for a sort of Epping hunt. He may always be met in Whitehall with a re-revised Education Code, or a draft of supplementary rules in his pocket. He is generally believed to pass his days in writing letters which are irritating to school managers and ungracious to the local clergy; and his nights in framing minutes to cut down the scanty stipends of country schoolmasters. He has earned the character of being tyrannical and arbitrary towards his subordinates. Somebody said of Fontenelle, that he had as much heart as it was possible for a man to have who had so much brains. Mr. Lowe is regarded in the House of Commons as the incarnation of an active intellect—restless, pedantic, bureaucratic, unclogged by traditions, with no superstitious reverence for the past, and extremely jealous of the "dead man's hand" in legislation. He seems to inspire no personal attachment. He has no personal following. He takes high-flying views upon the legislative questions entrusted to him. He is supposed to look down upon the country gentlemen from a lofty height of intellectual superiority. He has filled an uneasy outside position in the Government—in it, but scarcely of it. He thus fulfils every condition of Parliamentary sport. He goes away cleverly—every sportsman on the Opposition, and not a few on the Independent, benches join in the hue and cry—and then when his pursuers are too much for him, the chief huntsman takes care he is not run into, and that he shall be forthcoming for another run. Mr. Lowe has been called the Jonah of a Palmerston Administration. No man has been "thrown over" so often by his chief, and it should be some consolation to school patrons and schoolmasters that if he has made them eat a peck of dirt, he has devoured bushels of it himself. He has plenty of self-confidence and self-assertion. He fights a revised code tooth and nail. It is, he maintains, lucid, logical, and of self-evident necessity. All opinions to the contrary are absurd, contradictory, and will not hold water. Just when he has made out a clever, and as he declares entirely convincing case, which cannot fail to be affirmed by an immense majority of the House of Commons, he feels a pull at his coat-tails. He looks round. It is the First Minister. His hour has come. The Vice-President of the Committee of Council on Education has been invited to perform the Japanese rite of the "happy despatch," and he obeys. The penultimate sentence is hopeful, confiding, sanguine. The next and last begins with a "still," a "but," or a "notwithstanding." In deference to the opinions of "certain influential members," or to what appears to be "the general feeling of the House," the Government will not persist in the objectionable code or minute. The Premier will do anything for Mr. Lowe but follow him into the lobby.

For the first time Lord Palmerston departed from this wise determination on Tuesday night, and the result was, according to Mr. Lowe, the necessity for a reconstruction of the Privy Council. Sagacious men have declared that if the Vice-President were allowed to work the public education of the country in his own way, he would fetch the Education Committee to the ground in six months. The issue on Tuesday could scarcely be evaded, for Lord Robert Cecil proposed a distinct vote of censure and want of confidence in the right hon. gentleman in the following terms:—"That in the opinion of this House the mutilation of the reports of her Majesty's Inspectors of Schools, and the exclusion from them of statements and opinions adverse to the educational views entertained by the Committee of Council, while matter favourable to them is admitted, are violations of the understanding under which the appointment of the inspectors was originally sanctioned by Parliament, and tend entirely to destroy the value of their reports." The House of Commons affirmed the motion by a majority of eight.

The case upon which Lord Robert Cecil, supported by the testimony of Mr. Walter and Mr. Forster, founded his impeachment almost amounts to a charge of subornation of evidence against the Privy Council Office. Her Majesty's inspectors of schools report annually upon the progress of education in their districts, and upon their reports the House votes annually about £800,000. Controversies have been going on about the relative value of certificated and uncertificated masters and on other topics, and Mr. Lowe is charged with expunging from the reports all opinions which differ from his own, and at the same time retaining in them all opinions which agree with his own. Mr. Norris and Mr. Stewart are allowed to show that Mr.

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Walter has entirely failed in making out his case against the present system of certificated masters. On the other hand, a report from another inspector, who spoke of a particular school as the *beau ideal* of what in fact schools ought to be, was mutilated, and the whole passage left out, because the inspector thought it fair to state that the school is conducted by an uncertificated mistress. Again, if there should be something in the construction of a school injurious to the condition of the children, and if the inspector should consider it desirable that the Privy Council should relax its rule, such an opinion secures the suppression of the obnoxious passage.

Mr. Lowe's defence is by no means remarkable for candour. He says he mutilates nothing—never even strikes out a passage. The duty of the inspectors is to report on the state of the schools, and offer practical suggestions for their improvement. When they depart from this duty, and wander into irrelevant matter, their reports are returned to them, with a copy of the instructions as to the manner in which they ought to be drawn up, and the inspectors are invited to become their own censors. They take the hint, expunge the objectionable passages, and seldom fail to return the report in a state which satisfies the Vice-President. When they are obstinate, the right hon. gentleman burks the report altogether, and refuses to lay it before Parliament. It is therefore untrue, according to Mr. Lowe, that the Vice-President mutilates. The process is cleverly contrived to give the department the maximum of influence and the minimum of responsibility. But are the reports the less mutilated because it is the inspector who strikes his pen through certain passages? The law maxim is fairly applicable here—*Qui facit per alium facit per se*. The appointments of inspectors are much coveted by highly educated and able university men. Sometimes, as in the case of Mr. Morell the other day, the Privy Council exercises its power of dismissing an inspector. The inspectors know what opinions are acceptable at head-quarters, and the majority will not care to be "marked men." Mr. Forster declared that the passages objected to are returned to the inspectors with marginal notes, and he challenged the Vice-President to produce the reports which were sent back to the inspectors with these marginal notes upon them, in order that the House might see whether the reports did not contain practical suggestions, and whether they were or were not mutilated. Mr. Lowe did not think proper to accept this offer. Another remark by Mr. Forster told strongly upon the division. The Privy Council have made a selection, and have only printed reports from half the inspectors in the kingdom. The Vice-President, with a simplicity foreign to his character, and not too successfully assumed, had the "greatest pleasure in telling the House" that all the reports of the inspectors had been sent in, and he was "bound to say" that it had not been necessary to send a single report back to the inspectors. The statement was received with ironical cheering by the House. Mr. Lowe meant it to be satisfactory and reassuring, but it alarmed the House more than anything that transpired during the debate. The right hon. gentleman hastened to deny that this unanimity indicated a reign of terror, but the habitual and systematic discountenancing of opinions unacceptable to the Vice-President has evidently produced its natural results. Can inspectors be expected to go on writing passages which they know will be returned to them, to be struck out by their own hands? It appeared probable, also, that the unanimity of which Mr. Lowe was so proud had been produced by a selection from the reports of the more pliant and time-serving of the inspectors. These proofs of Mr. Lowe's dexterous manipulation and sharp discipline admonished the House of the danger of putting any trust in reports that have undergone so severe a filtration at the Privy Council Office. The school inspectors have relations with the representatives of the people, as well as with the Education Committee. The only reliable information which Parliament has received in regard to the administration of the Privy Council, the operation of the minutes, and the progress of education throughout the country, has been derived from the reports of the inspectors. By garbling their reports, and printing only those passages which uphold the views of the Vice-President, the Education Committee deprives the House of the information which it ought to possess when the rules of the Privy Council and such questions as certificated *versus* uncertificated masters are discussed.

Mr. Lowe argued as if no middle course were possible between printing everything that an indiscreet inspector may see fit to write, and putting the inspectors under such strict discipline that they cease to write anything unpalatable to the Privy Council Office. He cited a case in which he had obviously neglected his duty, in allowing a Roman Catholic inspector to enter upon a statistical demonstration that ille-

gitimate births, crimes, and offences, were more frequent in Protestant than in Roman Catholic countries. He also mentioned the report of Mr. Fletcher in 1849, in which that inspector filled 200 pages with an essay upon the statistics of crime, the committals for offences, and other topics more or less distantly connected with education. "If the House preferred that the inspectors should report directly to Parliament and not to the Privy Council, so be it, only let the Education Committee be relieved from the responsibility." We believe that the House of Commons would prefer this alternative to the present system of stifling honest and independent thought, and depriving Parliament of the valuable experience and observation of the inspectors. Printing everything would be better than systematic mutilation. But there is a golden mean. If the Vice-President declares that he cannot save the House from a flood of essays and disquisitions, without going into the contrary extreme of excluding all statements and opinions adverse to his educational views, the sooner he is relieved from his duties the better.

The simple question at issue between Mr. Lowe and his opponents in the House of Commons is whether he fairly and impartially carries out the instructions to the inspectors. It is not denied that Mr. Norris and Mr. Stewart are allowed to discuss debateable questions, and to express opinions in conformity with those of the Privy Council. Lord R. Cecil, Mr. Walter, and Mr. Forster, assert, as a matter within their own knowledge, that the opinions of inspectors who take an opposite view have been excluded; whether by the self-eviscerating process described by the right hon. gentleman, or by the process of selection alluded to by Mr. Forster, is not in the least material.

After so grave a vote of censure, and after a declaration so distinct that the Vice-President of the Education Committee ceases to enjoy the confidence of the House of Commons, it seems impossible that the right hon. gentleman can continue to administer the education grant. A Minister with a decent amount of self-respect, who had undergone such an unparalleled series of mortifications and humiliations, would long ago have been ashamed to show his face on the Treasury Bench. Mr. Lowe is one of those ill-starred individuals who cannot be conciliatory when they try. Bitter, acrid, and sarcastic—destitute of Parliamentary tact—and strong only in powers of repulsion, he is a source of weakness to any Government. The only use a Prime Minister can make of him is to float into favour on the tide of his unpopularity. When the friends of popular education are distressed, when the table of the House of Commons is covered with indignant petitions and remonstrances, and the Ministry share in the odium which surrounds the Education Committee, the First Lord of the Treasury appears on the scene. He throws his unpopular Vice-President over and pitches his revised codes after him, and becomes the most popular man in the country. It is given to few Ministers to profit by the unpopularity of their subordinates, and to make political capital out of the ill blood they engender, but it is time there was an end of these exhibitions. We will therefore express a hope, which we share in common with every friend of education, that, before these pages meet the public eye, the Vice-President of the Education Committee will have tendered his resignation, and that, this time, it will be accepted.

#### THE ARMSTRONG AND WHITWORTH FIELD GUNS.

THE contest between the Armstrong and Whitworth guns is exciting no little interest, and sums of money are freely betted in the City on the issue. As yet the rival field guns only have been tried; in course of time will come the competitive trial of the 70-pounders. The Armstrong 12-pounders are six in number. Three are muzzle-loaders, rifled on Sir William's shunt principle. The other three are breech-loaders of the service pattern. Mr. Whitworth brings into the field muzzle-loaders only; for, though he has a breech-loader as well, he does not propose to enter it for the race. The Whitworth pieces are made out of solid blocks of homogeneous iron, or mild steel, strengthened at the breech with rings, and rifled on the hexagonal system, with mechanically fitting projectiles. Such are the rival field guns that are competing at present for honourable superiority. The final result cannot yet be foretold. So far, however, as the proceedings have gone, some interesting data may be gathered by the bystanders.

Firing with solid shot comes first. At the present day, the service field guns do not fire solid shot at all, shell answering all the purposes and being infinitely more destructive. But solid shot firing necessarily forms a part of the Shoeburyness



experiments, and, indeed, Mr. Whitworth's pieces are peculiarly adapted for this kind of projectile—Sir William Armstrong's guns, on the contrary, being designed exclusively for shell. The Whitworth solid shot are a beautiful specimen of mechanical art. They are all planed and polished with consummate skill, and, taken with the gun, prove what finished work modern workshops can produce. Sir William Armstrong's shot are admirably cast, but are neither turned nor polished. The omission—whether wise or unwise—is said to have been intentional, the design being to keep as close as possible at once to simplicity and economy. At all events it is evident that Sir William considers shot for field guns altogether out of date, and relies on the merits of his 12-pounders as shell guns. The solid shot practice at the targets has been excellent throughout. At 200 and 300 yards' range (which, however, can hardly be called an artillery distance), the Whitworth gun put ten shot running into the bull's-eye of the target, showing that the grooving of the piece is as finely cut as that of a rifle. At the more practical distances, both the Armstrong shunt and the Whitworth gun made capital practice, the victory shifting from one to the other in a way that seemed referable more to accident than to anything else. On the whole, up to Thursday morning—for accuracy in target-firing—the Armstrong shunt and the Whitworth piece stood first, the choice being slightly, though only slightly, with the Armstrong shunt, while both were almost perfect. The Armstrong breech-loader ran last—a good but distinct third. It is only fair to this latter piece to add that it is fired with  $1\frac{1}{2}$  pounds of powder only, the other two guns burning  $1\frac{3}{4}$ , and that its less perfect solid-shot practice possibly results from the comparative weakness of its charge. Nor is it, indeed, to be forgotten that both Armstrong guns are twenty per cent. lighter than the Whitworth 12-pounder, and shorter in proportion. Some credit, moreover, must be given to the Armstrong pieces for having fired through a whole week without being either sponged or lubricated, while the Whitworth muzzle-loader is lubricated after every round.

The shot and shell firing at earthworks was a more amusing and certainly a more important part of the ordeal. A modern field-work was thrown up with all its appurtenances, and the three rival guns planted against three separate embrasures, with old guns and dummy gunners in each, behind which, at a little distance, were placed a set of wooden targets to catch the shell and shot after it had flown through. At thirteen hundred yards all the shot alike seemed somewhat ineffective, the Armstrong guns killing, however, dummy wooden gunners at each embrasure and slightly damaging the works—less damage, perhaps, being done by Mr. Whitworth, and no gunners being killed by him. The shell firing then came on. Sir William's segment shell is well known as a very formidable projectile. Mr. Whitworth, on the other hand, has always had a real difficulty in producing shell for field artillery, on account of the smallness of his bore and his method of rifling. During the last two years, with the permission of the War-office, Colonel Boxer has been working for him in the Government factory, and the segment shell produced before the Armstrong and Whitworth committee is the result of that officer's labours. It cannot be said to be a great success, though Colonel Boxer's experience and ingenuity have not been thrown away. Both the Armstrong guns, however, seemed, in the segment-shell firing to carry away decidedly the palm. Colonel Boxer has had less difficulties to contend with, and has been more fortunate with the Whitworth common shell, though the Armstrong common shell, on the whole, is thought to be the more effective.

The earthworks enjoyed a respite for a little, while the three guns were pitted against one another on Monday morning, for range and accuracy, at two degrees of elevation. In both the Whitworth shot had the advantage, the Armstrong muzzle-loader being second, the breech-loader Armstrong third. When the shell firing at the same elevation came on, the positions were reversed. With the common shell the Armstrong shunt beat the others in both accuracy and range—Mr. Whitworth running a Themistoclean second both with common and segment shell. With the segment shell the Armstrong muzzle-loader was the first in range, the Armstrong breech-loader the first in accuracy. The results, upon the whole, seemed to warrant the inference that no important difference in this branch will be found either at two or at three degrees of elevation, between the rival systems. It is of course impossible to predict what will be the event at still greater distances. When the extreme ranges are reached, it is reasonable to expect that the peculiarities of the Whitworth gun and the greater twist of the rifling will give it a slight advantage, which at the medium distances it does not seem to enjoy.

The next bout was at shorter ranges against the earthworks.

The shot firing at 700 yards was once more unsatisfactory, the Armstrong guns showing, however, slightly in the front. The segment-shell firing at 700 yards was most important. The Armstrong segment shells did very remarkable damage, both to the embrasures and to the gun detachments inside. The Whitworth gun, with its shell—which is indeed rather a shrapnell than a segment shell—was, on the other hand, comparatively inoperative. Common shell at 700 yards upon this was fired against the cheeks of the embrasures. The Armstrong effects in these rounds both from the breech-loader and the muzzle-loader were slightly superior. Finally at 600 yards the firing was directed against the abattis, palisade, and ditch. With solid shot none of the guns did much, all being about equal; and the common shell seemed almost as ineffectual as the shot. But the Armstrong segment-shell practice was destructive. Opposite both shunt and breech-loader Sir William's shells made a clear sweep through the abattis, and cut the palisades away, opening a lane right into the embrasures, especially opposite to the Armstrong muzzle-loader. The Whitworth shell was unsuccessful, producing no practical results at all on either the abattis or the palisades.

The programme of the Committee embraces almost every conceivable test to which a field gun can be put; nor is it possible, till the experiment is concluded, to prejudge or anticipate the issue. All the three guns have certainly shown themselves beautiful pieces of their kind. The strain on 12-pounders is probably not sufficiently great to test thoroughly the relative merits of the Armstrong and Whitworth system of construction as applied to heavier guns; nor do we expect to see any of the field-guns break down either in the rapid firing or in the other tests of endurance. Whether, with heavy charges, any steel gun can stand the rapid Whitworth twist and mechanically fitting Whitworth projectiles, is a matter that may not be decided with pieces of so small a size. Under the circumstances the Armstrong and Whitworth Committee have acted hastily in even limiting the competition to 70-pounders—a class of gun which, however excellent, can never be sufficiently heavy for the naval guns of the future. But the contest with 12-pounders, though of less scientific and manufacturing interest, is nevertheless of great moment to the English artillery service. We shall be very curious to see whether the shell practice of the Whitworth piece improves; for it is obvious that want of effectiveness in shell firing would nowadays be a fatal defect in field guns.

#### MR. TENNYSON'S GARIBALDIAN TREE.

WHEN General Garibaldi went to see the Poet Laureate at his residence in the Isle of Wight, the illustrious visitor planted a cedar-tree with his own hands in Mr. Tennyson's grounds as a memento of a pleasant and a congenial interview. The enthusiasm of Mr. Tennyson's neighbours has been, it seems, greater than their good-breeding. The unhappy tree, in one fell night, was stripped of all its branches, and now rears a bare and naked stump to the sky. Rude vulgarity did not hesitate to take, at any price, a memorial of General Garibaldi. For such an object it seemed quite worth while to vex and annoy both the tree's donor and the tree's donee. There is something so brutal and greedy in this piece of snobbishness that one pauses to ask oneself whether such things are done in any other country besides England. If Garibaldi had planted a cedar in the Bois de Boulogne, the cedar would probably, for many a long Sunday, have attracted the tradesmen of Paris and their families, not to mention the working-men in their blouses, from every faubourg round. They would have watered it, tended it, and hung flowers round it; but their ferocious admiration of a notable man would not have taken the form of a determination at every risk to trample their way up to something he had touched, and then to pluck it for themselves. They would sooner have gone twenty miles than have broken a single branch. The saint who, in olden days, was torn in pieces by the multitude who desired only to obtain relics of his person, is a fitting emblem of that degrading British vanity which would satiate its animal curiosity at any cost to the feelings of others. Among the thousands who viewed Garibaldi's entry into London this week, there are many of all ranks and classes who can admire truly his noble nature, and appreciate his excellent deeds; but there are many more, among both rich and poor, with whom curiosity is little better than a sensual and vile passion, and to whom Mr. Tennyson's tree and General Garibaldi's wishes are of infinitely less consequence than the gratification of the veriest lust of the eye. These are the people that make English tourists formidable at so many places—from the gardens at Munich to the Pyramids of Egypt—who demand autographs with savage pertinacity from every famous

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man in Europe, and who regard all living princes and generals as made only—like Madame Tussaud's wax figures—to be a spectacle to a tawdry mob.

Happily for General Garibaldi's comfort, the passion for locks of his hair has totally subsided, and the Italian lion can content the rapacity of his hunters and throw them, for a period, off the trail, by the sacrifice of an easily-taken photograph. While it lasted, this capillary attraction threatened seriously to affect both his own personal comfort and the leisure of his secretaries. Those who indulged in it appeared to be ignorant how discreditable was their industry. There seems to be a prevalent opinion that toadyism ceases to be toadyism when it is not offered up at the shrine of a duke or of an earl. This is a curious mistake. Mr. Boswell was not the less a snob because Dr. Johnson was not a gentleman; and Nature's noblemen may be worshipped with as much vulgarity as the stupidest member of the House of Peers. General Garibaldi is in most respects a worthy figure on which to hang a nation's laurel crowns, but men of simple habits do not allow admiration to carry them beyond what is due to themselves or those around them. The pigmies who try to lift themselves into notoriety by holding on to the skirts of a hero are in their way, no doubt, a mischievous species of lion-hunters. But more contemptible still is that different class of human donkey that longs if it be but to touch a great man's clothes. At least the former are ambitious, the latter are only greedy. To those who destroyed Mr. Tennyson's tree we can only say, "Happy, indeed, is the valet of Garibaldi." He can hold the General's hat, he can fetch his gloves, and perform for him those pleasant duties which honest snobbism is happy to discharge for Virtue, though, like Johnny Eames, it feels aggrieved at being expected to perform them for the representative of Red Tape. He is neither compelled, in order to gratify his zeal, to climb over other people's fences, or to break down other people's cedar-trees. Not long ago a sentimental young tradesman stole a horse in order to go to Scotland to see the "land of Burns." When he was taken up, he had accomplished his poetic purpose, and he went to prison with a serene mind. The lover of Burns and heather was far less of a disgrace to humanity than the destroyer of Mr. Tennyson's privacy, for he was content with looking on the ground on which perhaps Burns had trod, nor did his imagination require the brutal stimulus which could only be obtained by carrying off what Burns had distinctly wished to be left unfingered.

We are in the habit of sneering—and with some justice—at some of the less pleasing traits of American social life, as they are told to us by witty travellers. Satirists, from Mr. Dickens downwards, have reproduced, in more or less of a caricature, the violent intrusions and assaults to which privacy is subjected in that land of democracy and of universal hotels. The next book which the author of "Transformation," in revenge for the criticism, devotes to a searching analysis of the prejudices and defects of England, may with reason contain a chapter upon Mr. Tennyson's cedar-tree. Could America itself—from Boston to New Orleans—beat the story? It will not probably be a lesson to the multitudes who are prepared to treat General Garibaldi during his stay here as they would treat Blondin, Rarey, or General Tom Thumb. It is not likely to carry repentance home to the bosoms of the social pirates who burn to break into his sitting-room, or to their savage squaws, who have set their hearts upon his hair. But it may warn those who are concerned in his welcome, in the management of his movements, against the temper of the multitude for whose amusement they are catering, as well as against the dangers to which, on British soil, a foreign gentleman who is famous may be exposed. Sooner than not feast their eyes on him, deputations of hungry vestrymen will keep him on his legs for hours. Sooner than not touch his hand, there are hundreds of independent patriots who will tear the clothes from off his back. Happily there are many among all classes, from the highest to the lowest, who will be ready to protect him against this kind of inhospitable outrage. Among the other fables of antiquity is the story of an altar of Diana in the Tauric Chersonese, whereon it was the custom straightway to sacrifice such strangers as arrived; nor would the altar in question be an unsuitable type of that sort of hospitality which cares less for the curiosity of the receivers than for the comfort of the guest.

#### ST. ANTHONY AT THE TUILERIES.

The Imperial balls at the Tuileries have been adorned and elevated by the presence of the British Episcopate; and the lady who is famous for her golden sandals and her butterfly attire has at last seen, perhaps talked to, perhaps flirted at,

an English bishop. Once upon a time a bishop, who shall be nameless, had occasion—so the story goes—to reprove one of his country clergy for a too notorious fondness of field sports. The censured clergyman is said to have replied that it was not worse for a parson to hunt than for a bishop to be present at the Duchess of Blankshire's balls. "I know to what you allude, Sir," said the Bishop; "but I think it right to inform you that on the occasion in question I was not to be in the same room with the dancing during the entire evening." "My case, then," returned the parson, "is like your lordship's; for what with a large family, a small income, and a shady horse, I am very seldom in the same field with the hounds." Whether the parson has since been better mounted, may be a matter of doubt. But at last his lordship seems to have got into the same room with the dancing. Contemporary history does not tell us how much further he may have gone. One must draw the line somewhere. Like the officers of the famous Irish regiment, the "bench" perhaps "do not waltz." It would be indecorous to take that exercise in a cassock, and doing anything in a circle, except arguing, might make a bishop's head giddy. But it is not irreverent to conjure up the picture of one of the successors of the Apostles eating ices, and standing in mediæval attitudes about the doorway, and admiring from a safe distance Salambo's golden sandals. When one goes to Paris—"beautiful Paris, evil-hearted Paris"—one must do doubtless as Paris does. St. Paul, moreover, tells clergymen to be all things to all men, and the term "all things" might even, with a little stretching, be made to include a *vis-à-vis*. Very probably the representative of English episcopacy at the Tuileries did not avail himself of so great a licence. He was contented to remain a holy wallflower during the festivities; and to watch with a placid air of non-intervention now the whirling multitude, and now the adjacent card-tables. As far as the world, the flesh, and the devil go, he was, therefore, on principle a non-combatant. No spiritual foe who saw the Bishop in the crowd could have had a moment's advantage over him, because the Bishop was sailing under a fashionable flag of truce, and only assisted at the scene in the character of an elegant spectator.

The Emperor of the French is a fortunate man; and his fortune shows itself conspicuously in the conquests he makes over social, political, not to say religious antipathies. Soon after his accession to power, the Gallican Episcopacy made common cause with him; and the Imperial Senate is proud to number among its members more than one of the "stately oxen" of the Church. The Imperial circle, according to the malice of the Faubourg St. Germain, is anything but a place either for patriots or for saints. Yet, one by one, fresh accessions from the Faubourg St. Germain itself come dropping in. The true noblesse of France is not frightened at the sight of golden sandals; and glittering and salaried dignity lies open in the distance beyond the vista of equivocal reception-rooms. For such a prize, who would not enter a still more dubious atmosphere? The Emperor's star does not rest on these triumphs over nobility and patriotism alone. At last his planetary hour has come, and he has got an English Bishop. The victory has probably been obtained without having to sacrifice even Salambo's simple costume. When the "Bench" go to balls, they take the world as they find it, and are perfectly aware that a palace is not a nunnery. Nor ought we to forget that there is such a thing as success. In Heinrich Heine's poem of the "Golden Calf," the priesthood very properly are to be found dancing before the new divinity like all the other citizens. An Emperor is an Emperor, whatever his antecedents, and whatever his surroundings; nor ought a miserable sinner in lawn to turn up his nose at a miserable sinner in purple and fine linen. This theory is at first sight novel; but it is a pleasant and convenient one, and—as a well-known dignitary would have said—is calculated frequently to lead to places of great emolument. It makes religion easy, and the thorny road of self-denial less rough. The fashion of this world passes away, but while it lasts our spiritual teachers are enabled thus to enjoy it; and thus they learn to look at the dark side of life in its brightest dress. Christianity by these simple means becomes amiable, and is on the high road to becoming in good taste. If a sudden fit of gloomy retrospection had seized the principal personage in the middle of the festival—if, undiscernible to the outward eye, and perceptible only by the inward vision of conscience, he had seemed to himself to see a sudden handwriting on the wall—if Salambo's sandals had appeared to melt away, and in their place had risen up the ghosts of those who had perished by the *coup d'état*—an English prelate would then have been at hand to administer immediate consolation. Belshazzar would not have had to send far for a Daniel. Nor would the Daniel have been so little of a man of



the world as to sit in judgment on a prince. His Majesty might have been quite at ease. Salambo need not have covered up her sandals. In the language of the French lady of the *ancien régime*, it would have been at once explained that Heaven "thinks twice" before it damns a person of quality.

The Bishop of Rochester, who entertains so strong an objection to any of his clergy associating with the Essex farmers, and the Bishop of Exeter, who emphatically taboos all penny readings of Shakespeare to the poor, will have no difficulty in explaining that a Bishop is not to be bound down by the strict conventional standard that applies to curates and to rectors. St. Anthony may do a great deal and dare a great deal that a simple incumbent may not dream of. It is doubtless a high benefit and example to the Church to have before it always the sight of a Bishop who in the middle of princes and prostitutes can keep himself unspotted from the world. Never to go to an Imperial ball at all is a spiritual feat that a moderate saint might manage; but it takes a paragon to be able to mix in so bright a scene and yet to stop short of everything except eating ices. A neophyte would stay away; only a shining pillar can go and return just as he went. It is obvious that the book of English Hagiology is not nearly closed. We have yet to come the chapter which will tell us how St. Anthony, after seeing all the allurements of Satan in a Paris drawing-room, came home sedately and preached thereupon to the fishes of his diocese.

#### MR. LOWE AND MR. J. R. MORELL.

WE rejoice that the case of Mr. J. R. Morell, Roman Catholic Inspector of Schools, is to be brought before the House of Commons, and that the tyrannous use which Mr. Lowe has made of his power in dismissing that gentleman from his office will thus be made plain to the world. Judging from the documents which have been placed in our hands in reference to this matter, we believe that a more disgraceful abuse of power was never perpetrated; and it remains to be seen how far the British House of Commons will tolerate the injustice and insolence which the Vice-President of the Education Office has exhibited towards a gentleman his equal in every respect except official standing, and one who has efficiently and faithfully discharged his duties.

Mr. Morell produces the testimony of his brother inspectors to show that the act which Mr. Lowe charges against him as valid ground for his dismissal from his inspectorship, was not only innocent but perfectly legitimate and a matter of no moment whatever. It consists in the fact that about three years ago Mr. Morell entered upon his diary, in the compartment allotted to one day, a journey which he took partly on another. Upon this fact Mr. Lowe bases a charge of "untruth," and dismisses Mr. Morell from his office. What is the testimony of the other inspectors with regard to Mr. Morell's pretended offence? "I have travelled all night long," writes the senior on the staff of the lay-inspectorship, "to reach distant places, and do not see how I could enter such journeys at all, except by putting them all together either for one day or for the other." Another writes to Mr. Morell on the 19th of February last:—"I am perfectly astonished at the papers which I have received from you to-day, and that action has been taken on them by the secretary. No doubt there is a slight inaccuracy of statement in your diary, but it is so intelligible and so perfectly free from the slightest suspicion of dishonesty, and withal so notoriously within the practice of inspectors (I mean entering the whole journey on the day of its ending, and not of its beginning), that I consider the conduct of the office altogether unjustifiable." Another writes:—"If the journey from Cardiff to Plymouth was of sufficient length to satisfy the office as a day's employment, it appears to me quite immaterial whether it was travelled by you wholly in one day or in parts of two days. I should feel perfectly justified in acting as you did, and making the entry which you made in your diary of September 21, 1861." To the same effect write some dozen or more of Mr. Morell's brother inspectors, all of them, with two exceptions, Protestant inspectors.

There cannot then be a doubt that Mr. Morell was right in making the entry complained of, and that Mr. Lowe, in dismissing him, has been guilty of an act of the grossest possible tyranny. Most unhappy has he been in discharging the duties of his office. For the last three years he seems to have made it his study how most efficiently to make it a source of terror to all whose interests it can affect. He has endeavoured to erect it into a despotism, of which he is the autocrat, and only this week he has drawn upon the Government of which he is a

member a defeat which his share at least in the Administration ought not to survive. A Minister who is convicted by the House of Commons of mutilating reports, and who, to indulge the "insolence of office," or to gratify a personal resentment, or to strike terror into other inspectors, could commit so iniquitous an act of injustice as to dismiss a public officer on a miserable pretext, has furnished overwhelming arguments for his own dismissal.

#### THE PREROGATIVE OF MERCY.

ON Tuesday, upon a motion by the Earl of Carnarvon for a copy of the correspondence relative to George Hall, convicted of murder at the Warwick Assizes, and subsequently respited, the subject of the Prerogative of Mercy in general, and Sir George Grey's direction of it in particular, was treated of at considerable length by the noble Earl on the one part, and the Lord Chancellor on the other. We have already written so much on the Home Secretary's indiscretions in this behalf, that we shall not touch upon that matter now. It is more important to notice what the Lord Chancellor says with regard to the functions of a Secretary of State in this particular; and in doing so we readily concur in his wish that there might be connected with the Home Office some kind of quasi tribunal, which should be auxiliary to the secretary in the exercise of the great powers with which he is intrusted. "The prerogative of mercy," he observed, "must be left with the Crown, and there ought to be some constituted authority for relieving the Secretary of State of the duty which thus devolved upon him, and discharging it in a satisfactory manner." Certainly the power, and, what is more to the purpose, the responsibility which at present devolve on the Home Secretary are such as no one man should be allowed to exercise or required to bear. "As matters at present stood," Lord Westbury observed, "the Secretary of State was in the position of a Court of Criminal Appeal, but of one at the same time constructed in the worst of all possible ways. There were no certain rules laid down for his guidance, and the decision depended in a great measure on the character of the individual." So far all is well. But with this admission Lord Westbury stops. For an admitted evil he confesses himself unable to devise a remedy. "He had not been able to solve the problem himself, nor had he been able to obtain any satisfactory solution of the question as to how the limits of the prerogative of the Crown in these cases were to be fixed on a satisfactory basis." But when practically the prerogative of the Crown is the prerogative of the Home Office, we cannot see in what respect the difficulty is invincible. The Crown acts already on the recommendation of the Home Secretary, who stands in the position of a Court of Criminal Appeal constituted "in the worst of all possible ways," and will not, as was seen in the case of Wright, act against that recommendation. Surely there can be no insuperable difficulty in giving her Majesty a good instead of a bad adviser, or in replacing an ill-constituted Court of Criminal Appeal by one well constituted, on whose advice her Majesty could act with as perfect preservation of her prerogative as she does now on the advice of the Home Secretary.

#### RELIGIO LAICI.

ON Monday last Mr. Coleridge, Q.C.,—the future Liberal candidate for Exeter,—addressed the electors of that city in a speech which affords a striking proof how sound Liberal politics may go hand in hand with sound Churchmanship. Two extracts from his address are such excellent examples of his marriage of moderation and liberality, that they may profitably be read side by side:—

"I have seen in a paper, which I have not the honour of knowing at all intimately—a Church paper I mean—a description of me as a very renegade politician—(great laughter). Now, gentlemen, I don't much care, as I say, about hard words, because one must endure them; but, seeing that ever since I left Eton, as far as I know, my opinions have been what they are now; it is rather hard at forty-two to be called a renegade—(hear, hear). But more than that, is there really in the minds of our opponents, or is there in the minds of any thoughtful person who considers the matter candidly? is there anything inconsistent, is there anything difficult of comprehension? or that should be defended, in the fact that I distinguish broadly between things human and things divine? I will scrutinise, I will inquire into, and I will change things human; but then, believe me, I will bow down my knee humbly and reverently where I believe I hear the voice of Almighty God speaking to my conscience. Is there anything strange or inconsistent in that? The establishment of the Church, the endowment of the Church, the relation of the Church to the State, in its civil and in its social aspects, have varied continually from time to time in various periods of our history. They may vary again; they are the subject of fair criticism, they are the subject of fair political debate; and I will exercise upon these subjects judgment as free and as unfettered as I would upon any question as to a new arrangement of the criminal law, or any other matter wholly secular. But, with the inner life, with spiritual life, with the doctrines of the Church, to which I belong, I disclaim having any authority to deal or alter in any manner."

"I say, sincerely, I do not know what Liberalism is, or what the word Liberal means, if it does not mean that liberals are those who are desirous, from time to time, to increase the area of political rights, and to bring in, from time to time, as they are fit for it, more and more of the people into the exercise of political power. If liberalism does not mean that, I do not know, upon my word, what it does



mean; and if liberalism and democracy are convertible terms, as they might be, that is what I mean by advancing the power of the people. If this is democracy, then it is a democracy of which assuredly I am not in the slightest degree ashamed. It is a democracy, that I conceive, amongst the supporters of which will be found the names of such men as Romilly, Grey, Peel, Palmerston, Gladstone, and Brougham, and above all, the name of that illustrious Frenchman, de Tocqueville. But no man could really and honestly suppose, however well it may be put as a matter of argument, that a man of education as a lawyer, a man of middle life, who has given hostages to fortune, who has much more to lose than to gain by violent and revolutionary movements, could be such a fool or born idiot as to wish for them. But I believe, like the great de Tocqueville, that the advance of popular ideas and increase of popular influence are a providential dispensation in our latter time, and like him, I cheerfully accept the fact, and will do my best to turn it to good account. I wish the stream or current to run safely and steadily, not by violently and foolishly opposing it, to render its action revolutionary and destructive. And I do say, that I trust that the time will come when, as they are fit for it, the great mass of the people of this country, the people, who are the sinews of its national strength, the rock on which the magnificent edifice of its prosperity is built—that these men will from time to time and by degrees, as they are fit for it, be brought to take more direct interest and a larger share in the greatness and grandeur which they create."

## PROFESSOR JOWETT.

THE Lord Chancellor has proposed a measure by which the difficulty of the Oxford Professorship of Greek may be pleasantly got over. To the other Regius Professorships some ecclesiastical preferment is attached; but the Greek Professorship has only the original stipend of £40. The Lord Chancellor proposes to place this professorship upon a footing of adequate emolument, and his plan is this. In the ecclesiastical patronage belonging to the Woolsack there are some eight canonries in the Cathedral Chapters of Chester, Bristol, and Gloucester. According to the average recurrence of vacancies, there will be one in about a year from the present time. When it occurs he proposes to annex it to the Greek Professorship at Oxford. "In bringing in a measure of this kind," his lordship observed, "he had not presumed for a moment to attempt to come to any understanding, much less to make any bargain, with the University of Oxford. In that body and in their sense of justice he had the greatest confidence, and he had no doubt that the bill by which he proposed to accomplish this endowment would be received by the University in the same spirit as that in which it was offered by the Ministers of the Crown. But he might be permitted to express his hope or expectation that the University of Oxford would hasten to provide for the present Regius Professor of Greek an adequate endowment, until the proposal he now made should come into operation, as he trusted it would, by the passing of the present bill." We have only to add that no opposition was offered to the bill, and that it was read a first time.

## RAILWAY FRIENDLY SOCIETIES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "LONDON REVIEW."

SIR,—I read your remarks on Railway Friendly Societies with much interest.

There is one defect, however, of these institutions to which you make no allusion, and which may not have come under your observation—I mean the delay which takes place before a payment to the insured can be made.

A case came under my notice which illustrates what I mean. A railway employé fell sick, and became entitled to sick pay. He was ill about a month; but, owing to the delay occasioned by the necessary formalities, he did not receive his sick pay until after he had got to work again.

It is not unlikely that the railway companies can remedy this defect in their system. In the meantime, however, whilst working men are quite able to appreciate the value of a good security, they feel keenly the hardship of being compelled to pay for a benefit which they cannot in some instances receive until it is too late to be of any real value.

I have the honour to be, your faithful servant,

April 12, 1864.

AN ODD FELLOW.

THE QUEEN held a Court at Buckingham Palace on Saturday, and was accompanied by the King of the Belgians, the Princesses Helena and Louise, and Prince Arthur. Earl Russell was in attendance on her Majesty, as were the chief officers of the Court and Household. The invitations were confined to the *Corps Diplomatique*, all of whom were present, including the Plenipotentiaries of Madagascar. The Queen wore a black silk dress, covered with deep black crape, and edged with jet gimp; a cap of white crape lisse in the style of the cap of Mary Queen of Scots, with opals and diamonds, and a long white crape lisse veil attached to it. Her Majesty wore the ribbon, star, and badge of the Garter, a diamond necklace, and a large cross containing the Prince Consort's miniature, and a brooch composed of a large sapphire set in twelve large diamonds. The Princess Helena wore a dress of white satin, handsomely trimmed with rich lace, head-dress of white roses with black leaves, and diamond ornaments. The Princess Louise wore a similar dress and head-dress, but with pearl ornaments. The Court being in mourning, the ladies who attended were attired in full dress mourning costume, without trains. The gentlemen were in full dress, with crape on the left arm.

THE QUEEN passed through the principal streets of Windsor last week in an open carriage, for the first time since her bereavement. A marked change in the style of her Majesty's costume was noticeable.

THE *Nord* of Wednesday contains the following historical paragraph: "The English journals of the 11th instant announce that, according to a rumour prevalent in London for the last few days, the son of the Prince of Wales, the young Prince Albert Victor, has only three fingers on one of his hands."

THE Kane-Bullen controversy has come to an abrupt termination. When the visitation at the Queen's College, Cork, opened on Tuesday morning, the counsel for Sir Robert Kane read a letter from Dr. Bullen, withdrawing completely the various charges made against Sir Robert in connection with the burning of the college, and tendering an ample apology. The Lord Chancellor said he would forward the letter to the Government.

THE vacant Garter will, we believe, be bestowed upon his Grace the Duke of Sutherland.—*Times*.

MEN are being enlisted in Calcutta for the American navy.—*Times of India*.

THE Chicago *Fenian* publishes a long report of an interview between the Roman Catholic Bishop of Chicago and a deputation of the Catholic members of the Chicago Circle of the Fenian Brotherhood. The Bishop denounced the association as a secret society, with an object condemned and anathematized by the Church, and said that even were these objections removed, the society was not likely to improve the condition of Ireland. At the close of the interview a member of the committee said—"Then we are to understand that the British Government in Ireland is a legal Government, and it is a crime against the Church to attempt to overthrow that Government in Ireland?"—Bishop—"Well, yes." Committeeman—"Good evening, Bishop; we hoped for a different result to our interview."

It appears that the Sheffield flood injured more or less seriously not fewer than 4,000 houses. In the district of Neepsend alone, out of 600 houses, 400 are now empty. The total damage to property, from the scene of the accident to the point where the destructive power of the flood ended, is calculated at £250,000. This is exclusive of tenants' and proprietors' claims.

THE Yelverton case has come before the House of Lords in the form of a petition by Mrs. Yelverton, praying for an order on Major Yelverton to pay her £500 to enable her to defend her interests in the appeal. The Lord Chancellor was of opinion that for the present Mrs. Yelverton was entitled to the status and rights of Major Yelverton's wife. The report of the committee would therefore be that Major Yelverton should pay her £150, and that her case should be lodged in three weeks, which would insure the cause being disposed of this session.

THE intention of the Yorkshire coalmasters to lock out their men in case any of the collieries struck for an advance of wages has now been fully carried out, and there are now nearly 4,000 persons out of work. The struggle is expected to be a severe one, as both masters and men have determined to make no advances towards a settlement.

A LETTER from Jerusalem in the *Paris Monde* says—The Duke de Luynes is exploring the Dead Sea on board a small steamer called the *Segar*, ten metres (thirty-three feet) in length, which he got built on purpose at Toulon. It was then taken to pieces and sent to Jaffa, whence it was conveyed to the Dead Sea on the backs of camels. The Arabs in the neighbourhood, struck with amazement at the sight of this tiny vessel moving along the waters in a way inexplicable to them, firmly believe that it is a *chaitan* (demon), which has risen from the bottom of the accursed lake of Sodom.

THE Universities and the College of Surgeons have refused to examine Miss Elizabeth Garrett, who passed Apothecaries' Hall last week. She is therefore permitted to practise, though not to perform operations. The lady is a member of the well-known family of agricultural engineers in Suffolk.

MISS MARY C. WALKER, M.D., arrived here last week with orders to report to Dr. Perrin for duty. She has been appointed to Colonel McCook's brigade, and has just left for Gordon's Mills, where the brigade is stationed. The young lady is said to thoroughly understand her profession. She is very pretty.—*Chattanooga Gazette*.

THE *Times* city article says that a plan is being perfected for the redemption of the Confederate Loan by the realization of cotton. The stock of cotton already on hand is enough to liquidate the whole of the loan.

ONE method of punishing mutinous soldiers in the camp of the Potomac is to strip the men to the waist, and lay them, spread-eagle fashion, on the ground, exposed to the full rays of the sun. This is considered more civilised than flogging.

THE wife of a musician, named Thomas, living at Kentish-town, was found dead in her house in an advanced state of decay on Friday week. Ten days previously her husband left home for Liverpool on business, and on the following morning a girl who assisted in household work found the place locked up, but no notice was taken of the circumstance, as it was supposed that Mrs. Thomas had followed her husband. On his return he was obliged to break open the house, when the poor woman was found dead in bed, fast decomposing. A parrot was also dead in its cage, and a dog so far starved as to be unable to eat. A leg of mutton was half roasted before the fireplace. Inquiries are being made into the case, and a post mortem examination ordered.

A LONDON gentleman, Mr. N. Josephs, staying at a Scarborough hotel, went out for a walk on the beach one day last week, having just ordered dinner for himself and a friend, the Rev. Mr. Vavasour, a curate of a neighbouring parish. He never returned, and his body was picked up a day or two after in the water. It is supposed that he was cut off by the tide and was unable to reach the cliffs.

## OUR UNIVERSITY LETTER.

OXFORD, April 14.

WE are just met once more to keep what reckons as "Easter and Act Terms," and what we call "Summer Term." It is a term which has its own stern duties, as unbending as the law of conscientious householders who put willow-shavings in their deserted



grate, no matter what the weather may be. Equally strict is the undergraduate rôle for the summer term. It implies ice at wine-parties, eight-oar races, straw hats and cricket—the last-named pursuit being, as we have lately learned, a powerful educational agent. At least the Public Schools' commission seems to have elicited the fact that the crowning glory of Eton as a place of education was that her alumni must enjoy a minimum of twenty-four hours of cricket a week during the season, with a judiciously high dietary to keep up the constitution under such a drain upon the intellect. With this evidence before us, we who live at Oxford must not be blind to our own advantages—*mutato nomine de nobis fabula*. Here is the same cricket, entering into (some would say cutting across) our University studies, with its minimum probably not lower, and its maximum limited only by the amount of rivalry necessary for matches and the hours of daylight in which to play them. Here, too, is the same depressing climate, and with it the same necessity of eating a great deal. But there the parallel breaks off; for while at Eton the whole course of study is avowedly limited to a nibble at the classics, here, as we are informed by gloomy prognosticators, the study of classics has had its quietus given by the baleful effects of the new examination statute of March 8. The predicted danger is, that since it is now possible to take a degree by distinguishing yourself in some branch of study more congenial to your tastes than the classics, classics must necessarily have the go-by given them. But there are still two classical examinations imperative upon every man who takes a degree—responsions and moderations; so that classics still remain as a groundwork upon which every one must build. More styles of architecture are opened to the fancy or the talents of young builders by the permissions of the new statute, and instead of being forced to conform to the Greek and Roman style, whether they were able to build it in marble or in mud, they have a choice given them of various styles, all excellent in their way. And this is surely a great good. But to pronounce a thrilling funeral oration over the corpse of the "Pass in Literis Humanioribus," and to dignify it by the sounding title of the guarantee of a classical education, can only conscientiously be done by those who do not know, or else have forgotten, through the charms that distance lends, how miserable a thing is the minimum of classical knowledge with which it is possible to pass. "There is a cart-load of loose bricks and a score or two of old flower-pots in the back yard," said Mr. Pecksniff. "If you could pile them up, my dear Martin, into any form which would remind me on my return—say, of St. Peter's at Rome, or the Mosque of St. Sophia at Constantinople, it would be at once improving to you and agreeable to my feelings." But we never learn that Martin Chuzzlewit succeeded in the task. The alarm which has been so freely expressed would be in a great measure overcome if people could be made to see that encouraging other studies does not at all necessarily imply discouraging the classics, any more than building new houses at Hastings must tend to empty Brighton. In the latter case, many will be tempted to go to the seaside who otherwise would not have gone at all; in the former, many will be induced to read for honours who under the old statute would have been quite content with the compulsory pass. Tutors and examiners who have constant opportunities of watching the progress of classical studies in this University, find no falling off, either in the number of those who seek for distinction in that subject, or in the style of their work and the amount of labour bestowed upon it. And this seems to be the real and satisfactory proof of the vitality of classical studies here. It is almost out of date to reopen this question after the Easter vacation, when the arguments for and against the new statute were so generally discussed in the newspapers a month ago; but evidently the fermentation about it has not really subsided, for a fresh ebullition appears in the April number of a well-known monthly review. This time the protest is made in Latin. It purports to be the fragment of a speech supposed to have been picked up near the Convocation House on March 8th. Now, it is true that on March 18th members of Convocation had the beginning of a Latin speech addressed to them, but as the speaker might have complained—

*Inceptus clamor frustratur hiantem.*

But this foundling-fragment of March 8 has been more fortunate, and having been thus brought up by hand, speaks for itself. It is conceived in a grimly comic style, but behind the mask there is the face of a stern monitor. It has been noised abroad, the speaker darkly hints, that the misguided alumni, "combustis, qui erant paucissimi, Græcis Latinisque libris ante portas famosissimi Collegii in vico qui Latus dicitur," may be seen dancing a solemn measure round the fire in a procession headed by the Master and Fellows, "cantu quodam *ἐπιστημονικῷ καὶ κριτικῷ*, ne dicam barbaro et pagano." This scene represents the downfall of classical learning; and the next picture is the Oxford graduate obtaining his degree (or rather diploma) "*pilulas unum terminum faciendo, et haustus barbarè describendo*." Can this be done? the speaker asks. Can he have lived to see the day? "*Nolo leges academice mutari; nolo Academiam Germanizari*." That last word is the war-cry; it is a good rallying shout, and has been shouted more than once before. The *Church and State Review* for the current month puts it forth again in the form just quoted; and people are still living who remember a Latin speech in 1850, perhaps no distant relation of the fragment of March 8, in which Convocation had the same warning voice uttered, "*Nolo Academiam Germanizari*." But as the changes of 1850 did not subvert all academical studies, we may venture to hope that the present

statute may at least be productive of as little harm, and probably of much more good, and that the "Germanismus," whatever it may exactly be, may either spare us altogether, or not turn out quite as black as it is painted. There is a point of detail in the new statute which is, I think, of more questionable advantage. Your readers will remember, that in order to be eligible for the privileges of this statute in the final schools, it is necessary either to have taken some honours in moderations or to have satisfied the examiners "*in tribus saltem libris*"—two books being the amount for the pass. It appears that this clause was introduced as an Eirenikon, and it remains to be proved whether it be more successful than the famous Eirenikon of March 18. On May 6 the first public examination begins, when we shall find what books are offered to meet this requisition, and so may see whether it will act as a real impulse towards beginning the historians and philosophers earlier in the academical course, or whether it will be merely complied with as the easiest way of availing one's self of the privileges of the statute in the final schools.

The programme of this term does not offer much excitement in the way of fierce discussions or troops of voters, and it is no doubt well that there should be a lull after such a storm as that which has swept over us respecting the endowment of the Greek Professor. But it would be giving quite a false idea to suggest that it had spent itself. I see it stated in print that the late vote on that question has landed Oxford in a place of security, and has shown that a learned Dean and a Regius Professor who supported the proposed measure, "are but as straws on the tide." I own that the feeling in the University does not bear out this statement; there is too much discussion about it still, and too much said about unjustifiable means of canvassing, for any one to believe that the vote will be considered definitive. We must wait and see what the Long Vacation will bring forth. If the bill that has been introduced into the House of Lords, proposing to endow the Greek chair at Oxford with a canonry, should ultimately be carried, there are, I am sure, many who voted against a University endowment for the professor, who would give anything in their power to cancel their votes. The question of greatest local interest that will engage the attention of Council, is the scheme for laying out the parks, which is no nearer to a decision yet than it was when first mooted. If I remember right, the only two votes actually recorded upon the question, were—1st, that the parks should be entirely enclosed with a fence, which appears to be out of the power of the University to do; and 2nd, to make a bridge over the Cherwell, which is at present in much the same plight. However, this term must decide something between the cricket and pleasure-ground interests; and I hope, unselfishly enough, that the former may carry the day. It will be a great thing when a man will be able to get his cricket near home; as it is, the distance to Cowley Marsh causes a deal of unnecessary expenditure in "Hansoms" and "drags;" makes many a man who would otherwise take his couple of hours exercise on the field, feel that when he has gone so far away he may as well "make a day of it," and the inability to get refreshments from or in college makes our cricketers the prey of numberless harpies who provide refreshments on the ground, often of a most inferior description, and generally at a most extortionate price. The parks as they are at present consist of a very large oblong field with a melancholy *trottoir* round it, and it is difficult to imagine any change which would not improve it. If cricketers find the day going against them, and the parks destined for "Lust-garten," they had better rise with the counter challenge, "*Nolumus Academiam Germanizari*." This term will be rich in fellowships; Merton, Lincoln, Worcester, and University have all their prizes to offer. Merton have put their day of election in the middle of May; Worcester and Lincoln come close together just before Commemoration; and the two fellowships at University are to be filled up in the beginning of the Long—viz., on June 15th. The Oriel fellowship, at the beginning of this month, was gained by Mr. C. L. Shadwell, B.A., junior student of Christ Church. A gentleman from Trinity College, Cambridge, was among the competitors.

The authorities of Merton College have crossed a sort of Rubicon in their scholarship elections last week, having offered a post-mastership of £100 a year. It has been awarded to Mr. R. S. Copleston, of Merchant Taylors'. Mr. R. H. J. L. B. Lewis of Eton, and Mr. E. Conolly from Cheltenham, were at the same time elected scholars, and Mr. William Richardson from Rossal was made Mathematical Post-master.

Mr. Edwardes of Merton, Senior Proctor, and Mr. Harrison of Oriel, Junior Proctor, have entered on their year of office, which promises to be a wholesome one for University discipline. The list of names for the "great-go schools (*Literæ Humaniores*)" is just issued; the number of candidates is 186.

## THE CHURCH.

### EVERLASTING PUNISHMENT TAUGHT BY THE CHURCH IN ALL AGES.

WE had occasion in our last to examine the opinions held by all parties at the Reformation on the much-disputed question of everlasting punishment. However that opinion may have been formed, there cannot exist, we suppose, the slightest doubt that it was in exact conformity with the ordinary meaning always attached to these words by the great body of Christians in our own and other days, until a new school of



divines sprung up amongst us, to trouble the peace of the Church, and set the old-established phrases of the faith to a newer but not more profound significance. Our space prevented us from pursuing the subject to its just conclusion, and we hasten, therefore, on this occasion, to advance our proofs a little further. Objection might have been taken by some that the Reformers had not completely emancipated themselves from the trammels of their earlier training; that Biblical criticism had made but small advances among them; that they were too much occupied with the establishment and dissemination of certain great truths to give due attention to others. So it might be urged that the doctrine of everlasting punishment, derived from an earlier period and never called in question, was allowed by them to pass unchallenged, until the stricter Biblical criticism of this age found an interpretation for these words more in accordance with an enlightened philology and a profounder appreciation of Christian charity. For ourselves, without wishing to deny the benefits rendered by modern scholars, like Dean Alford and the Bishop of Gloucester, to the interpretation of Scripture, we must think that there are other qualifications besides the flexible use of grammars and lexicons of paramount importance for determining the meaning of the divine works. We would rather be guided by the opinions of men, like the Reformers, who had practically tested the true meaning of Scripture by dear-bought experience and in fiery persecution, than by the cold, logical deductions of the mere schoolman, whether ancient or modern, who, in the shadow of his chamber, has worked out a meaning for himself, according to the most approved and established methods, but has never brought that meaning to the test of real life. "Theoretically true" is in many instances "practically false:" in nothing more so than in theology. It must be so in the nature of things; for the *ratio* of God is not the reason of man. Theology has become in our days, as in the centuries before the Reformation, a scholastic employment; its present *égarements* have arisen from the disunion of theory from practice; the propagators of these new tests are not men actively engaged in parochial work; and the more portentous heresies of our times, both here and in Germany, are the growth of an intellectual idolatry not yet exposed to the wear and friction of reality.

But whatever objection might be made on the score of learning alone to the divines of the Reformation, such objection cannot be urged against those of the next century. We doubt if at any time in the history of the world learning was more valued for its own sake, more eagerly pursued at all costs, more deep, more varied, or more extensive than under the Stuarts. Men were giants in those days, intellectual sons of Anak, to whom all subsequent scholars are but pigmies in comparison. Their remains have been, to those who followed them, like the temples at Athens or Palmyra, inexhaustible stores, from which smaller men have stolen their blocks of stone and bits of marble to build up their own mud hovels, of no worth or admiration except for their stolen and misapplied materials. They, too, were sufficiently divided into the most uncompromising and inalienable portions, to prevent any one of them from agreeing with the teaching of the other, except when one and the same conviction was unavoidable. "The second death, or the punishment of the damned," says Milton, "consists in the loss of the *summum bonum*, that is, of grace and divine protection, and the beatific vision, which is commonly called *pœna damni*, and appears to consist in everlasting torment, which is called *pœna sensus*."—(St. Mat. xxv., 41.) *Maledicti abite a me in ignem eternum*."—("De Doctrina Christ," p. 383.) His opponent, Jeremy Taylor, in one of his most elaborate sermons, when he discusses, "What the sentence itself shall be, that shall never be reversed, but shall last for ever and ever," thus expresses himself:—"The evil portion shall be continual, *without intermission of evil*; no days of rest, no nights of sleep, no ease from labour, no periods of the stroke nor taking off the hand, no intervals between blow and blow, but a continued stroke which neither shortens the life nor introduces a brawny patience." And to prevent it from being supposed that this was a mere outburst of pulpit rhetoric, he specially condemns the doctrine set forth in a Romish Missal, printed at Paris in 1626, in which, "amongst some other strange opinions," a charitable hope had been expressed, "that the perishing souls in hell might have sometimes remission and refreshment." "But because this," adds Jeremy Taylor, "is a fancy without ground or revelation, and is against the analogy of all those expressions of our Lord, 'Where the worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched,' and divers others, it is sufficient to have noted it without further consideration. The pains of hell have no rest; no drop of water is allowed to cool the tongue; there is no advocate to plead for them; no mercv

belongs to their portion, but fearful wrath and continual burnings."—"Christ's Advent," Serm. iii.)

We pass on to two writers not less able, though less eloquent, than the great preacher, Archbishop Bramhall and Dr. Barrow. For it must not be thought that the dispute now ringing throughout the land owes its origin to Mr. Wilson, or wanted advocates in those days. Archbishop Bramhall had thought it necessary to employ the same precise and definite phraseology as Archbishop Longley has revived in ours, when the philosophical atheists of that age had called in question the teaching of the Church on the subject of everlasting punishment. It is thus that the Archbishop defends himself and it against the animadversions of Hobbes of Malmesbury:—"His (Hobbes') second answer is set down by way of interrogation:—*What infallible evidence hath the bishop that a man shall be eternally in torments and never die?* Even," answers Bramhall, "the authority of our Saviour and the Holy Scriptures, which call it an everlasting fire, an eternal life, a fire that is not quenched, everlasting punishment, everlasting chains, the worm that never dieth, and the fire that goeth not out. Go ye cursed into everlasting fire prepared for the devil and his angels. The bishop hath the testimony of the Athanasian Creed, that they who have done good shall go into life everlasting, and they that have done evil into everlasting fire. He hath the testimony of the universal Church of all ages, except a few Origenists. If T. H. (Hobbes) have no more than his own single private authority to oppose against all these, he is a bold man. They who question everlasting torments will not stick to question everlasting life."—"Works," p. 749.) Similarly, Barrow on the Apostles' Creed:—"What is the other state, that of death? What, but a state of lowest disgrace and ignominy; of utter shame and confusion; of intolerable pains and miseries; without any ease or respite, without any hope or remedy, without any cessation or end; wherein we shall not only for ever be secluded from God's presence and favour, not only be deprived of all rest, comfort, and joy, but detrued into utmost wretchedness. . . . Under which unexpressible vexations, always enduring pangs of death, always a sense and desire of dying, we shall never be able to die."

Were men like Taylor and Barrow deficient in natural sensibility and charity? Were writers like Milton tied to the set phrases of a stereotyped orthodoxy? Were they incompetent scholars, unable to form a correct judgment? Or were they using words without knowledge? Were the arguments now brought forward from natural reason and justice, or appeals to our natural horror, sealed fountains to them, that they should thus unmistakeably and unhesitatingly affirm, one and all, and reaffirm, the doctrine of everlasting punishment, which our generation seems to think unworthy the consideration of thoughtful men? The extracts we have given—and they might easily be multiplied—show in what sense the great thinkers and divines of the seventeenth century understood these words. They considered that the ordinary interpretation, so far from contravening, was in strict conformity with the analogy of Scripture; and of that they were quite as competent judges as any Cambridge or Oxford essayist—some, perhaps, may think more. They found in the broad sense of the words a meaning which appeared to them perfectly compatible with divine justice and mercy, and in perfect accordance with that healthy rule of interpretation the abandonment of which might land us once more in a quicksand of uncertain allegories, and place Scripture at the mercy of every man's untutored and diseased fancy.

We have left ourselves but little space to pursue the inquiry into the next century. Our readers will trust our assertion, that the opinions of Bull, Hickeys, and Nelson were on this subject no other than those already expressed by the divines of the centuries preceding them; or, in the words of the last of these, quoting from Bull's Sermons, and applauding his statements, "wicked men shall immediately after death be consigned to a place and state of *irreversible misery*."—(Life of Bp. Bull, p. 481.) If, however, any one wishes to see the whole argument stated at length, and the objections of natural reason, now so popular, answered by natural reason, he may consult Archbishop King upon "The Origin of Evil," p. 448. That age, it must be admitted, was more fertile in metaphysicians and moralists than in great theologians. It was more concerned with discovering what place Christianity occupied in the great scheme of the Divine economy than with justifying and examining particular points of Christian doctrine. It strove to climb up from nothing to infinity; to trace in the muddy stream of natural religion the divine lineaments of revelation. Nothing could be more opposed than this to the method of Luther and the Reformers. In the school of the Analogists, even with Butler at their head, the Holy Spirit



has no place and no office. Human reason, or rather its incapacity, is made the sole tribunal of right and wrong, even in matters confessedly superior to uninformed reason; and yet even Butler claimed, "for the duration and degree of future punishment," as held by Christians in his own days, the testimony of Nature as evidenced by the teaching of "Gentile writers, both moralists and poets;" and held, that as follies and evil conduct in this life lead to consequences "beyond possibility of remedy or escape," so Nature teaches us that endless and irremediable punishment is as much the law of this life as of the next.

A HOUSE of refuge was opened at Elson, near Gosport, last week, when the matron was "installed" by the Rev. J. O. Millar, the incumbent. The lady, Miss Constantine, kneeling in front of the altar, Mr. Millar said:—"Helena,—In the name of God the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, and by the authority committed to me, I appoint thee superintendent of this house of mercy. Be faithful, be patient, be kind; and the Lord grant thee the spirit of faith and love, and of a sound mind. Amen." He then delivered to her the keys, the rules of the house, and a jet cross, accompanying each with a few suitable words.

### SCIENCE.

At the Geographical Society, on Monday, a paper was read on an "Overland Expedition from Port Denison to Rockingham Bay in Queensland," by A. J. Scott. The expedition, which was under the leadership of Mr. Dalrymple, was undertaken with the object of ascertaining whether there was the possibility of establishing a dray-road from the Valley of Lagoons to Rockingham Bay, which the writer described as a first-class port, only 75 miles distant from the Lagoon; while Port Denison, the present port of shipment, is upwards of 200 miles. The paper spoke of the rapid extension of settlements in Queensland northwards of Port Denison, and of the necessity of providing additional outlets for the produce of the newly-settled districts. The party found travelling very difficult, owing to the nature of the country, and at last they were stopped by an impenetrable jungle within a comparatively short distance of the coast, 15 miles, which compelled them to retrace their steps. Though unsuccessful in reaching the coast, the writer considered that the expedition had attained its object, for they discovered the existence of a small gap in the coast-range with an easy ascent and descent, the only obstacle to forming a road being the jungle, which could be cut through at no heavy expense. The paper concluded with an encouraging account of the progress of colonisation in the Kennedy District.

At the Zoological Society's meeting Dr. Slater announced the safe arrival by the ship *La Hague* of the living example of the *Didunculus strigirostris*, presented to the society by Dr. G. Bennett, of Sydney, and of several other rare birds from Australia by the same vessel.

### FINE ARTS.

#### SKETCHES OF INDIA, THIBET, AND CASHMERE.

THE mission of art might once have been confined to reminding a nation of the great passages in the history of the human race, to touch us with noble examples by bringing the almost living persons in their habit as they lived before us, doing the heroic deed, or to keep the sympathies alive and responsive by pictures of a sentiment more tender than words can paint. All this art shows in forms of beauty paramount and most impressive. But now it is becoming every day more evident that art is acquiring new territory—expanding and keeping pace with the great strides of civilization, and, like all the great means of improvement, contributing to the store of mother-knowledge, if we may be allowed the expression, which is to bring forth fruit in due season. Art is asserting through the multitudes of those who, naturally gifted with the faculty, have grown out of the cultivation of recent times a kind of stirring life of action quite different from the studio life of the great æsthetic artists of the old Italian schools. The expression of thought and meaning, the sentiments, the poetry, and all that go to make up what we regard as high art, have little to do with the purpose of the new style of art that has sprung up since the feeling for "illustration" arose. Yet pictorial description employs certainly some of the highest gifts of artistic genius, and, as we think, it has a most excellent purpose in contributing largely and worthily, as it now does, to the general culture of society.

Apart from the picturing of passing events of every week, which is by no means the least important branch of the line of art we are considering, the artist is now become a teacher of a very practical and matter-of-fact order. The veteran scene painter, David Roberts, long ago gave us sketches of the Holy Land which did more to make the real features of that country of undying interest familiar than anything ever thought of before. We might have known something of the look of the Great Sphinx, the Pyramids, the Memnon statues, but his artist wand transported us to the desert and its glowing atmosphere. The same remarkable sketcher has furnished our ideas of Spain, which Lewis, another genius of his kind, has ably supplemented with his scenes of life and character, all infinitely excelling any descriptions of the pen.

Wilkie's sketches show that had he lived he would have painted the domestic life of the East with the same fidelity and truth he so earnestly employed in portraying the home life of England and Scotland. Catlin's sketches of the American Indians were a very remarkable instance of the application of art to substantial education, and an especially interesting one because he was entirely a self-taught painter made out of an adventurous traveller, who saw the value of the painter's art in ethnography. These are some of the steps which have led up to the scheme of artistic description which has now been so wonderfully well carried out in the sketches and drawings made by Mr. William Simpson during a long journey of 23,000 miles for the purpose, through the most magnificent regions of the earth—those regions of imposing beauty where the first wanderers of our stock carried their tents and drove their flocks, and, strange to say, where we are once again returning after having become a new race in the Far West. The artist here lays before us all the tracks and camping-grounds of civilization, from the rude black skin tents of the nomad tribes, driven to the highest parts of the Himalayas, the Roopshoos, who live still as the most primitive savages of the East, and the Scythians of later times, and amongst whom the woman is the wife of all the brothers of a family. From this wild condition to the splendour and wealth of ancient Delhi and Benares, and the magnificence, after the European example, of Calcutta, we are shown the whole range of native Indian and Tartar life, the gradual transformation going on towards English customs, down to the vast works of conquering civilization in the tunnels and viaducts, setting at nought the huge mountains, and carrying the railway, with its thousand incalculable innovations and benefits, into the very heart of the Old World. No such description, so vivid, so real, and at once so completely making one partake the enviable delight of the traveller in visiting far regions and strange races, has ever been seen as in these beautiful drawings. But to this, and forming part of the original design of the work conceived by Messrs. Day, the great lithographers, is to be added a written portion, which has been undertaken by Mr. Kaye, of the India Office. Thus the artist and the writer will be associated in giving us a pictorial and descriptive history of one of the most interesting, and certainly the most beautiful, regions of the world. There are already to be seen at the German Gallery, in Bond-street, nearly two hundred sketches and drawings, and the work is to consist of two hundred and fifty, all of which are, it is understood, in the portfolio of the artist, and all actually drawn substantially on the spot. The original drawings would form a collection of really invaluable importance, were they not so admirable in an art point of view, and it is desirable that they should be kept together as an object of public interest and national education. They might well form part of the India Museum, as they would aid more than any possible collection of mere objects in conveying a correct idea of the vast empire which the English people have taken under their wing. Our one century of possession has created almost another England in India; our interests there are bound up with half the hearths and homes of England, and the monument at Cawnpore, which so many will look upon amongst these drawings with tearful eyes, is a seal of possession that can never be suffered to be lost. There is another reason why the collection should become public property, and that is, that the inseparable costliness of the work in chromolithography will prevent its ever being seen by the general public, who have a vested right in the treasure and the priceless sacrifice of life with which India has been won.

Mr. Simpson, who had already distinguished himself by his sketches of the Crimean campaign, was one of the very few artists to be found gifted with the faculty of seeing truly and painting with equal truth, and at the same time with that facility which enables the hand to sympathize with the mind. Plenty of able artists are to be found, but few who have the indispensable rapidity of hand with feeling for beauty of local colour, of atmosphere, of landscape, of characteristic scenery, and suitable illustration. To all these excellences Mr. Simpson adds an extraordinary power of representing scenery of immense extent and overpowering grandeur upon a small canvas. Some of his drawings are wonderful in this respect, as for example the "View of Calcutta and the Hooghly" (5), with the forest of shipping, and, 72, Delhi from the ridge, taken from the observatory and Hindoo Rao's house; all the points of interest in this view are distinguishable—the "Sammy House" battery, the Cashmere Gate which our gallant engineers blew up, the bridge of boats across the Jumna, the Kootub Minar twelve miles away, the seat of ancient Delhi. The present city is the ninth, and Mussulmans believe that the tenth is the last, and when it is destroyed the world will be at an end. Kootub was taken in 1191, and named Delhi by the Mahomedan conquerors. There are separate drawings of this old city and of the taking of the Cashmere Gate, both of which the artist visited soon after the siege, when he accompanied Lord Canning, the late lamented Governor-General, in his tour through the country after the suppression of the rebellion. The views of the crowded native streets are perfect pictures, evidently done very rapidly, but so full of picturesque beauty that they might win a place in our best water-colour exhibitions without a touch in finishing. The same may be said of some where the general atmosphere of India and the burning sky we often hear of are painted, as in the "Mahabaleshwar" (60), the Sanatorium of the Bombay Presidency. The pictures of the native customs, with processions in the streets or in the halls and temples, are all most interesting, and always touched with the spirit and feeling for colour so delightful and so perfectly assuring, that we never think of the picture till we have done with the

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subject. "The Burning Ghat at Calcutta" (14), where the dead are cremated under the presiding vultures, carrion crows, and adjutants, is even made picturesque with all its loathsome horrors. "A Marriage—Bombay" (44), is a charming drawing for colour and picturesque figures. 70, "Interior of the Taj at Agra," is a remarkably beautiful drawing; the effect of the polished marble inlaid floor reflecting the colours of the rich dresses in the cool grey light of the tomb, with the white alabaster screen of open work, is most happily given. The interiors of the temples, especially the famous rock-cut temples of Ellora, surpass any representations of these most interesting places that have ever been seen. They are all so accurately drawn, as well as being pictures, that an architect and archaeologist might study the detail of the ornament. The Durbars, or ceremonies of presentation to the Governor-General, and other showy ceremonials, are very cleverly painted; and the sketches of the camp of the Governor-General on the march are especially striking as well-arranged and highly picturesque drawings. "The Mule Mountain-Train" (93) gives a capital idea of the difficulties our men and officers have to encounter in attacking the hill tribes, as in the recent war in the Swat Valley against the Buneyrees. The sketches of Cashmere will be found extremely interesting, and as to brilliant colour of the romantic school, nothing approaches what we are shown here as the ordinary landscape of the Vale of Cashmere,—the mountains covered with the most delicate rosy hues, the lakes reflecting them and bearing upon their smooth, clear water, floating fairy-like gardens and pleasure-boats, with gorgeous crimson velvet awnings, the water covered with the blossoms of the lotus in pink and white, and the sky above glaring with tints of gold, and purple, and crimson. One can understand how these people came to invent Cashmere shawls with this luxury of colour ever before their eyes. The people seem to correspond in beauty, for Mr. Simpson has some charming groups of natives working at the shawl, all seated under some very primitive roof, three or four generations even working together, and generally all at the same shawl, stretched simply over their knees. Mr. Simpson, in 1861, reached the highest passes of the Himalayas, his sketches here becoming completely Alpine in character, with snow and glaciers. We have most interesting sketches here of the Lama worship, and the prayer-saying by machinery, the great cylinder on which the prayers are written being turned by water wheel; in most of these, however, the worshipper turns the cylinder himself by a string much as the Roman Catholic tells his beads. The putting children to sleep while the mothers are at work in the field, by placing their heads under a small stream of dripping water, is another singular custom in the Himalayas, shown by a drawing—136. The four majestic falls of the Gairsoppa, one of which is twice the height of St. Paul's, or 829 feet, is an admirable sketch of the grandest waterfall in the world.

This exhibition is one of the most interesting of the art exhibitions of the season, and the great work of which it is the sample does infinite credit to Messrs. Day, who have already done such good service in recording and illustrating our great National Exhibitions, our State pageants, and our collections of works of art.

An exhibition of modern illumination has been opened at Mr. Fuller's, 168, Great Portland-street, which deserves some encouragement as affording an opportunity for the sale of works of art in this elegant style, so well adapted to become a source of independence with suitable employment for women. Most of the specimens are the work of Mr. de Lara, who is a professional illuminist; but there are some by a lady, whose name is not permitted to appear, which are better than the professor's. There are two separate pages copied from the book of "The Hours of Anne of Brittany," in the British Museum, and it is not too much to say that they are quite equal to the original. Miss Batty exhibits several excellent examples, particularly in initial letters which are her own design. The initial letters by Mrs. Vigne are also very well drawn and in good taste. We noticed also a sacred monogram surmounted by the martyr crown, by Mr. de Lara, good in design and delicate in the colours. A copy of a page from a Persian MS. in the British Museum, by the same artist, is one of the most elaborate in the Exhibition, but as a copy it possesses less interest. The same remark applies to the specimen of miniature painting—the "Adoration of the Kings," though this is a very fair example of Mr. de Lara's talent. Some pieces, the work of the late Mr. Delamotte, should be mentioned, as students of the art are much indebted to him for a most useful and complete manual of the art and practice, and especially as they are to be sold for the benefit of his widow.

The eleventh annual Exhibition of the modern French and Flemish painters opens on Monday next at the French Gallery, Pall Mall.

The Architectural Exhibition was opened on Wednesday—the usual conversation and annual meeting having been held on the previous evening.

Mr. Frith's great picture of the "Marriage of the Prince of Wales" is, we hear, likely to be finished in time to be exhibited at Mr. Flatow's Gallery early in the season.

#### MUSIC.

It is not often that so great and genuine a success is achieved as that which attended Herr Wachtel's appearance at the Royal Italian Opera on Thursday week, as Manrico in "Il Trovatore." This

gentleman, who was heard here two or three times during the season of 1862, was then admitted to possess an exceptionally fine voice, but somewhat wanting in that culture and artistic government which alone can ensure a high position with an audience accustomed to vocal excellence. A voice however superb, like a fine-toned instrument, is, after all, but the material to be moulded by the will and skill and sentiment of the artist; and it rarely happens that the possession of a great and exceptional voice coincides with the training, the musical intelligence, and dramatic capabilities which go to make a stage singer of the highest order. It is most gratifying to recognise in Herr Wachtel a very near approach to the union of all these qualities, and therefore to hail him as one of the greatest artists that have for many years sought the suffrage of a London public. The three styles of vocalization—Italian, German, and French, are as distinct and individual as the music itself of those nations. The Italians were the first to cultivate the vocal art as a distinct and special study, and they long since attained a supremacy in this respect which still remains undisputed. The perfection, however, attained by Italian singers was one cause why the opera of that nation became too often a vehicle for the display of executive art rather than of that noble sentiment and poetical feeling which it is the real province of the lyric drama to embody. Many of the Italian opera composers have written more like singing masters anxious to display their pupils' proficiency than musicians giving expression to the highest capabilities of a noble art. The German composers, on the other hand, with almost the single exception of Mozart, have been somewhat too regardless of the singer's art, and some even of the greatest German singers have been very deficient in that facility and flexibility, and that finished style of execution, which seem to belong peculiarly to the Italian method of cultivating the voice. It has often been matter of regret that the noble expression, profound sentiment, and dignified pathos displayed by German singers should not have been combined with the advantages of the Italian executive method. It should be borne in mind, however, that the tendency of the *suave* vocalization of that school, with its elaborate ornamentation, is too frequently towards a combination of effeminate sentiment and mechanical display rather than to the interpretation of those high imaginings which are found chiefly in German music. Some of the luxury of Italian finish may therefore well be spared in a singer who proves the possession of all the higher attributes of his vocation. Herr Wachtel seems to us to approach more nearly to the union of all these great qualities than any singer who has appeared for many years past. His noble voice, grand, impassioned style, and elevated sentiment, are combined with a method of vocalization more refined and flexible than we have ever yet heard in a singer of his nation. His voice, a tenor of great power and of an unusually high range, is capable of all the alternations of passion and pathos, and the little he may yet want in Italian refinement would be dearly purchased if acquired by the sacrifice of that breadth and nobility of style which now raise him far above all mere executants. The part of Azucena was represented by Mdle. Destinn, from Vienna, who has a contralto voice of sympathetic quality, but somewhat tremulous in utterance, a fault which might arise from the nervousness of a first appearance. She is an actress of considerable power in the melodramatic style. Mdle. Fricci, who has gained both in force and finish since last season, was a very satisfactory Leonora; and Signor Graziani's exquisite voice and good method of vocalization were well displayed in the music of the Count. Mdle. Lagrua, of whose *débüt* in "Norma" we recently spoke, has quite confirmed the favourable impression then made by her repetitions of that performance as well as by her appearance as Leonora in "La Favorita." Signor Attri also, who made his first appearance with Mdle. Lagrua, has proved himself an excellent bass singer in parts of secondary importance.

Her Majesty's Theatre commenced the season with "Rigoletto" on Saturday, when four singers appeared for the first time here. The part of the Court Jester was performed by Signor Varese, by whom it was originally represented. This gentleman displayed considerable power as an actor, especially in the scenes of passion and pathos, where he was more successful than in the eccentricities of the privileged buffoon, carrying these sometimes almost to the point of extravagance. He is, however, an artist, careful in study and skilful in execution. His voice is full and resonant in quality, although past its prime, and he sings with the finished style and excellent phrasing of the true Italian method. The new Gilda, Mdle. Vitali, has a fresh soprano voice, not very full in quality, and with a little tendency to shrillness in the upper notes when forced. Her execution, however, has all the facility of the best Italian school; her action is at least graceful, if not impressive; and, as a very youthful singer, she is certainly a very promising one. Mdle. Bettehlein, who appeared as Maddalena, has a contralto voice, powerful, but somewhat heavy in quality. The part scarcely affords sufficient scope for judging of her powers as either actress or singer, but she appears to be both intelligent and experienced. Signor Gasperoni, as Sparafucile, was a sufficiently rough and picturesque desperado. Signor Giuglini, as the Duke, was, as usual, most successful in passages of tenderness and sentiment, in which his exquisite voice and finished style appear to more advantage than in passionate declamation.

After the usual Easter recess, the Monday popular concerts were resumed this week, with Signor Sivori as principal violinist, and Mr. Charles Hallé as pianist. The great Italian artist was as successful in his interpretation of the quartets of Mozart and Haydn, as, on other occasions, in the very opposite school of fantasia playing.



The New Philharmonic Concerts, under Dr. Wylde's conductorship, commenced their thirteenth season on Wednesday with the following programme :—

PART I.	
Overture, "Faust" .....	Spohr.
Air, "Cosi fan tutte" .....	Mozart.
Concerto (violin) .....	Mendelssohn.
Air, "Il Pensieroso" .....	Handel.
Symphony (No. 7, in A) .....	Beethoven.
PART II.	
Overture, "Semiramide" .....	Rossini.
Air, "Masaniello" .....	Auber.
Adagio and Rondo, "La Clochette" (violin) .....	Paganini.
Air, "Le Serment" .....	Auber.
Overture, "Abu Hassan" .....	Weber.

Although there was no novelty in this selection, there was enough music of permanent value to render the concert sufficiently interesting. The vocal music, perhaps, might have been more judiciously chosen, even with intentional subordination to the importance of the instrumental performances, which should doubtless be the chief attractions at an orchestral concert. Signor Naudin sang with much expression the graceful little aria of Mozart, and Auber's exquisite "Slumber Song;" but this gentleman appears perhaps to greater advantage on the stage than in the concert-room. Handel's *ad captandum* song (for even this grand composer could at times descend to propitiate the "groundlings") is more tolerable in its place, as a portion of the work to which it belongs ("Il Pensieroso") than when detached from the beauties by which it is there surrounded. The passages for flute obbligato (admirably played by Mr. Pratten), with their prolonged shakes and trifling prettiness, belong to a kind of realistic imitation which is an error in art, and can satisfy only those who mistake the true objects of music. It was extremely well sung by Madame Lemmens-Sherrington; as was also the scena from "Le Serment," which, however, that lady has rendered so hackneyed of late that it might well have been spared from the programme. The instrumental pieces were generally well executed, with an occasional want of impulse; as, for instance, in the last movement of Beethoven's Symphony, which was somewhat deficient in the "brio" included in the composer's indication of the tempo. The accompaniments to Signor Sivi's solos, too, were occasionally open to the same imputation. The most successful orchestral piece was perhaps the overture to "Faust," which was magnificently played. Signor Sivi's refinement of style and boundless execution were admirably exemplified in both his performances—the second being a piece of wonder-playing such as no other artist since Paganini has been able to accomplish.

**SOCIETY FOR THE ENCOURAGEMENT OF THE FINE ARTS.**—The fourth Conversation of the season of this Society took place on Wednesday evening, in the Gallery of the Society of British Artists, Suffolk-street, Pall-mall, when there was an unusually numerous attendance, it being understood that Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, the new President, would make his appearance in the chair for the first time. His lordship, who was warmly greeted on his entrance, delivered a brief address, in which he expressed his entire and deep sympathy with the objects of the society, which, as he conceived, occupied important ground between institutions devoted to the purely useful arts, and societies of professional artists, comprising, as it did, not only professors in all branches of poetic and creative art, but those also who took interest and pleasure in their products. The appreciation in which the society was held by kindred bodies, the Society of British Artists, and others, was evinced by the readiness with which many of their galleries, beautifully furnished with the pictures of the season, were thrown open for their use on occasions like the present; and the Lord Mayor of London had, on three successive years, given testimony of his recognition of the important uses of the fine arts in connection with the productive enterprise of a great commercial country, by throwing open the Mansion House for the meetings of this society. The noble President at the same time very frankly owned that, as he knew nothing of art, had no collection, and no house in which he could receive the members of the society, he was hardly a fitting person to hold the office which they had conferred upon him. He was grateful by the honour done him, and would lay down his office as soon as a more competent President could be found. We cannot give offence by saying that the society ought to be more fitly represented, since Lord Stratford de Redcliffe is of the same opinion. If none but a nobleman can fill such a post, he should be chosen with reference to his identification in some measure with the objects of the society. The musical arrangements of the evening—which were conducted by Mr. Van Noorden, in the absence of Mr. Gilbert—included the names of Mesdames A. Gilbert, Haywood, Gordon, Miss Van Noorden, Mr. Walworth, Mr. Dawson, and Miss Koppers.

THE "SHAKESPEARE GALLERY," a reproduction in photography of the original series of engravings published by the Boydells in 1802, in folio, at a cost of sixty guineas, has been published by Mr. Booth in commemoration of the Shakespeare Tercentenary. The collection of pictures from which the original series was engraved was long exhibited in Pall Mall, in the Shakespeare Gallery, having been formed by Alderman Boydell, who gave liberal commissions to the first artists of the day to illustrate prominent scenes in Shakespeare's immortal plays. These pictures, which were then produced at a cost of upwards of a hundred thousand pounds, were afterwards engraved; and it is a reproduction in miniature-size of the old prints that is now put before us. The photographer is Mr. Ayling. Being produced from the flat surfaces of prints, they ought to be exceedingly good, but they are somehow, pretty generally, rather deficient in half-tones; and

there is too much black in many, and too sudden a transition. Still, the series is a beautiful and an extremely interesting one. Of the merits of the pictures themselves there can be not the slightest doubt; but the small size of the photographs is against a clear and forcible rendering: many of the photographs, however, are very good. Such are "Prospero's Cell" in the "Tempest," painted by Wheatley; the scene with Titania, Bottom, and the fairies, in the "Midsummer-Night's Dream," by Fuseli; the Seven Ages of Man, from "As You Like It," by Robert Smirke; the scene with Arthur and Hubert, in "King John," by Northcote; "King Lear's Palace," by Fuseli; and especially some of the illustrations of "Measure for Measure," and "Much Ado About Nothing." Certainly the volume before us has been produced in a manner which should make it a justly prized and most appropriate present.—In our allusion to this work last week, we are informed that a slight error occurred. The copy subscribed to the trade was a made-up copy for that purpose—not a perfect copy as issued to the public. No plate is missing, though one plate is inserted loosely, that it may be retained or rejected at the pleasure of the purchaser.

MESSRS. MOORE, McQUEEN, & Co., printseller, of Fenchurch-street, have well chosen their time for exhibiting Signior Pianebianco's picture of the Battle of Melazzo. The central figure is Garibaldi cutting down Captain Giuliani. The incident is historical, and the picture is founded on a sketch by an officer who was present. It is said that Giuliani had sworn to take Garibaldi dead or alive, and with this object had cut through the Garibaldians at the head of a troop of picked men. He had just time to say, "General, you are my prisoner," when a blow from Garibaldi's sword unhorsed him. The composition of the picture is good, and the human figures bold and natural; but the horses are not so well. The picture will be engraved.

A VERY beautiful monument, intended for the tomb of the late Madame de Lamartine, has just been completed by Adam Salomon, the sculptor of Paris. The lady is represented in a sleeping posture, and good judges affirm that it is an extraordinary work of art. M. Salomon has presented the effigy to M. de Lamartine, and in the course of a few days it will be placed at St. Point, over his wife's tomb.

THE pictures have now been sent in for the Royal Academy's Exhibition, and are undergoing the hanging process. Amongst them are "A Spanish Funeral," by Mr. Phillip; "Feyther and Mither, baith," a Scottish peasant scene, by Mr. Faed; four coast scenes by Mr. Stanfield; the same number by Mr. Leighton; three by Mr. Goodall, one of which is his diploma picture; "Jezebel and Ahab," by Mr. Armitage; "Luther affixing his Thesis in answer to Tetzels to the door of Wittenberg Church," by Mr. E. Crowe; and "The Burial of Hampden," together with another, by Mr. Calderon.

Sir Edwin Landseer has at last finished one of the lions which is to grace the base of the Nelson Column. It is to be hoped that the others will not take such a very long time to complete. The model is now in the studio of Baron Marochetti, preparatory to its being cast in bronze. We perceive from the Civil Service Estimates that these lions are to cost something more than £4,000 apiece, or £17,000 for the four.

The beautiful series of photographs of pictures and objects of art hitherto sold at the South Kensington Museum has been transferred to Messrs. Chapman & Hall, who will shortly issue a catalogue of them. It appears that the Museum has determined altogether to abandon the sale of such publications. What are the causes which have led to this determination we do not know; but the inconveniences of a Government establishment undertaking to supply articles, the sale of which is generally left to private enterprise, are obvious. Among the collection are the beautiful Holbein portraits of the court of Henry VIII., which are produced with great care and delicacy at extremely low prices.

THE third number of the *Art Student* leads off with "Gilbert Scott on the Education of Architects." The series of articles on Artistic Botany is very well continued, and is followed by another essay of a still more useful set, on Artists' Pigments. Shakespeare, too, is brought forward, and with numerous illustrations.

THE French Government has just purchased, for 35,000*fr.*, a mosaic copy of Raphael's celebrated "Madonna della Seggiola." This work has occupied its composer, M. Moglia, seven years! It was bought by desire of the Emperor.

PARLIAMENT is to be asked for a grant of £53,000 for the purchase of land at Kensington Gore. Is this intended for more palatial residences for Mr. Cole and his colleagues? If so, we trust Parliament may be inexorable. Another item is £10,930 for new Westminster-bridge. It appears that the "permanent" way is so worn as to require relaying, but at the rate of £10,000 a year it will be a dear bridge.

A LARGE addition has been made to the collection of Mulready's works now exhibiting at South Kensington. It consists of upwards of fifty frames filled with drawings.

THE picture-gallery and library of Bridgewater House have been kindly thrown open to the public by Lord Ellesmere.

MESSRS. CHRISTIE, MANSON, and WOODS will sell Lord Elgin's collection of works of art in May.

MR. AND MRS. CHARLES KEAN have returned from Sydney, and on February 25 were in Ballarat, about to commence an engagement at the theatre of that place.

MR. ROBSON, the comedian, who has recently been playing at the Edinburgh theatre, is now lying dangerously ill in that city.

IT is definitely arranged, we believe, that on Tuesday evening next, the 19th, General Garibaldi and suite will pay a visit to her Majesty's Theatre. Great preparations are being made for this event by Mr. Mapleson, the manager. The box will be in the centre of the house.



THE English residents at Rome lately got up some private theatrical performances, and were obliged to apply for the permission of his Holiness to act in Lent. They made petition therefore to Monsignor Talbot, who being a convert from the English Church, of which he was once a beneficed clergyman, is an ultra in everything; and he rejected their prayer with indignation. The disappointed actors then applied to some one else, who went directly to his Holiness himself, who, wonderful to relate, gave full consent, but insisted on having his share of the fun, by ordering Monsignor Talbot to come and translate the pieces to him into choice Italian. One of these was "Box and Cox."—*Morning Post*.

A sum of £17,000 fl. has been subscribed at Vienna by the admirers of Schubert's compositions, for the construction of a monument to the memory of a man of whom the Austrians are very proud. As is but too often the case, the merits of the originator of the musical composition known as the German "Lied" were not properly appreciated until he was dead and gone. Schubert was 32 years of age when he died at Vienna, on the 19th of November, 1828.

### MONEY AND COMMERCE.

THE progress of bank amalgamation is still visible. Rumour continues to be exceedingly busy, and it is very curious that somehow or other her foreshadowings prove in the main correct. It will not in the least be surprising to us to find that before the close of the year a variety of fresh arrangements will take place, which will give the *coup-de-grace* to banking as a system, and that, with a few single exceptions, the London private bankers will altogether have vanished from the scene of operations in the great metropolis. The announcement on Wednesday, after the regular hours of business, of the fusion of Messrs. Masterman, Peters, & Mildred with the Agra and United Service Bank, has created no great surprise, because, since the transfer of Messrs. Jones Loyd & Co. to the London and Westminster Bank, constant statements have been in circulation of a variety of similar movements. It was expected that Messrs. Masterman & Co. might desire to amalgamate their interests with a joint-stock bank, but the Agra and the United Service Bank was scarcely the establishment which it was supposed would have been suggested. But true it is the event has come off, and the public will be more than ever convinced of the growing distaste to the private banking system. The joint-stock banks, unlimited and limited, have never had a greater triumph than that established by the events of the past few months, and it will only require the declaration of good dividends during the next half-year to place them in a position far above any they have previously attained. The private banking system will now by force of circumstances gradually sink, but it will not be accompanied by failures or liquidations, the great thing to be accomplished being the transfer of businesses.

The two banks thus united—for the arrangement is complete—show on the face of the title the distinctive features of the contract. The name will no longer be the Agra and the United Service Bank, but the Agra and Masterman's Bank, limited, which will indicate joint interests, and more explicitly set them forth than the title of the Consolidated Bank does the absorption of Messrs. Haywood and Messrs. Hankeys. From the circulars issued by both the banks, it will be evident that it is intended to make a very important push for business, and to effect this the whole of the firm, comprising Mr. E. Masterman, Mr. S. Peters, and Mr. F. Mildred join the direction. Mr. Birkbeck retires from active life, but will nevertheless zealously assist in supporting the views of the amalgamated banks. The Agra and Masterman's Bank, by this arrangement, will be brought more than ever into the centre of London business, and from that, as well as its judicious connection, greater profits than ever may be expected.

The operators in the shares of the bank and financial companies have had a good time lately. The great stimulus afforded to dealing, by the sale of the business of Messrs. Jones Loyd to the London and Westminster Bank, produced much animation. The account for the fortnight has just been concluded, and the result shows, that although enormous engagements have been carried forward, they have not been attended with difficulty. Just as the bloom was going off prices, through the partial reaction inseparable from an extensive rise, the second important amalgamation has been indicated and there is once more a fresh rush upwards. The shares of the banks which stand at the most depreciated values seem to have the best chance, and they rise more rapidly than those which have hitherto had the most favourable market. The Credit and Finance shares are precisely in the same position, and, with exceptional instances, they have once more rallied, and will temporarily be sustained. It is speculation, no doubt, which is entailing these marvellous changes, and others quite as wonderful as any already witnessed will again shortly be experienced.

It may be well imagined what an incentive is afforded to business by such an occurrence as the one just referred to. The London and Westminster Bank jumped up £23 or £24 per share, but the price has not since been supported. Agra and United Service have gone up about £30 per share; the only question is, will this advance be sustained? The influence is of course considerable upon the stocks and shares specially affected, because it is presumed there will be new issues to supply the requisite additional capital, and, as in the old railway days, new shares invariably bear premiums, which are most pleasant to the fortunate

holders of the original securities. This is one of the advantages arising from the present sunshiny side of business, which it appears to be fancied will continue for at least five or six months, and perhaps longer, should there be an abundant harvest.

The account just terminated has been one of the heaviest on record. The registered shares have been, so it is stated, the largest known since the period of the railway mania, and so scarce have been clerks, that extra assistance, at the rate of ten guineas per day has with difficulty been secured. Stories are told of brokers and their clerks having, in order to get their affairs into ship-shape, passed through the night heavily worked, with only a warm bath to fit them for their duties the next morning. The banking and miscellaneous securities were never before so extensively patronised, and the profits the "house" (i.e. the Stock Exchange) is securing are something fabulous. There never were before such days for speculation since Hudson reigned supreme, and the secret of the philosopher's stone was supposed to have been discovered in the development of the iron-way. Even as we write, new companies are being launched, and more than one additional Indian financial establishment will be started. There will of course, if these prove a success, be plenty of imitative projects; but, as everything commands a premium, they will float temporarily, till they are either withdrawn by the promoters themselves, or "squelched" in a panic. Promoters, as a race, are now pretty nearly extinct. The credit and finance companies occupy their position, and do bolder things as companies than any individual promoter dare do. The scene has therefore once more shifted, and the ground is occupied by a combination of talent and capital which introduces the enterprise, gives it support, and may hereafter have to sustain it, if it should fall into any kind of adversity.

The Bank directors have not varied the rate of discount. It is still 6 per cent.; and, through the state of the money market out of doors, will probably be maintained at that figure. Though the dividends have come into circulation, and we have had some good remittances from abroad, no symptoms of ease have been experienced, the repayment of advances to the Bank having been extensive. Singularly enough, after the payment of the dividends, it is frequently found that rates of discount, instead of becoming cheaper, grow, if anything, dearer. No immediate rise is just at this instant expected; but, notwithstanding the fine weather and the hopes of the future, it is not supposed there will be any reduction. The supply in Lombard-street has on the average been very good; still, every now and then a little inconvenience is felt, and the "screw" is put on by the discount brokers. The consequence is that caution is superinduced, and shortly comes a return to the former order of things. The rate for first-class paper is decidedly not lower than 6 per cent.; the joint-stock banks have a full demand for advances at 5½ per cent.; and for commercial purposes generally the inquiry is gradually increasing, the trade of the country making progress, though it may not eventually turn out altogether sound. The fate of the year will depend greatly upon the harvest; it is too early to prognosticate with regard to the yield of the crops, but let us all fervently trust that, for more reasons than one, they may be satisfactory.

### GUARANTEED DIVIDENDS.

THE following paragraph occurs in the money article of Tuesday's *Times*, and we think it necessary to allude to it, because it is a sample of a practice which is daily on the increase, of holding out encouragement to persons seeking an investment for their money by promising a guarantee which is perfectly illusory:—"A prospectus has been issued of the Palace and Burlington Hotels Company, with a capital of £120,000, in shares of £20. The object is to purchase the interest of Mr. J. G. Breach, in the Palace Hotel, at Buckingham-gate, and the Burlington Hotel, in Cork-street. The trade returns of each hotel have been properly verified, and Mr. Breach undertakes to act as managing director for three years certain, and to guarantee during that period a minimum dividend of 10 per cent. per annum on the amount of capital paid up, the shareholders being at liberty to pay up 75 per cent. so soon as the allotment is made." It is quite possible that the vendor of an hotel may offer, and, if necessary, even redeem a guarantee of this kind, providing himself with the means of doing so without loss by his bargain with the projectors of the company. The test, therefore, which a guarantee of this kind constitutes is showy, but deceptive. And again, though the guarantee is made, it may not be redeemed, should the profits fail to yield the promised dividend.

The Bank Court broke up on Thursday without making any alteration in the rate. The demand both at the Bank and in Lombard-street has been extremely heavy. It is expected it will continue so for some days.

No gold sent into the Bank: 130,000 sovereigns withdrawn for export to Egypt.

Consols and most English stocks remain without variation from day to day. In foreign securities, Mexican has advanced, on the prospects of the new loan, and the impression that the £8,000,000 required will be readily raised.

Joint Stock Bank Shares and Credit and Finance rapidly fluctuate, mostly in a favourable direction. It is difficult to attempt to give prices, they change so speedily.



## REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

## ARISTOTLE.\*

It must be acknowledged that, whatever England may have done in furthering the study of Aristotle's works, her scholars have done little or nothing in the way of editing, translating, and commenting upon them. Even in those branches of his philosophy to which the University of Oxford attaches such extreme importance in her course of study and examinations for classical honours, we look in vain to her tutors and professors for any work of originality or even erudition. We would not for a moment undervalue such aids to the study of the Aristotelian logic, ethics, and politics, as Mr. Poste, Sir Alexander Grant, Mr. Congreve, and Mr. Eaton, have severally furnished within the last few years for undergraduates who are getting up their books for the schools; but these gentlemen, we are convinced, would be among the first to acknowledge the immeasurable superiority of German and French thinkers in the treatment of these subjects, and their own indebtedness to such profound works as those of Brandis and Biese, Trendelenburg and Stahr, Ravaisson and Barthélemy St. Hilaire. We trust, however, it may not be long before Mr. Grote may come forward to redeem his own promise and his country's reputation "in the separate work devoted specially to an account of Greek speculative philosophy in the fourth century B.C.," of which he speaks in the closing words of his "History of Greece." Yet even from that illustrious writer we can hardly expect much light to be thrown on the physical writings of the Stagirite; they would naturally form no portion of his contemplated work. Besides, there is no doubt that the treatment of these requires not merely philosophical powers and sound scholarship, but also an acquaintance with the subjects and the systems of natural science as studied in modern times. For this rare union of classical and scientific qualifications we must be content to wait, till the breach between the philosophers and the scholars is healed, and both combine their powers to interpret the past by the light of the present, without going out of their way to exaggerate the superiority of either. It may thus become one of the indirect results of the increasing study of physical science, that, as the Middle Ages fastened their attention on Aristotle's logical writings, and the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries on his ethical and political treatises, so the nineteenth may find a congenial pursuit in the examination of that philosopher's claims to be considered the *maestro di color che sanno*, not only in the domain of moral and metaphysical speculation, but also in that of the natural sciences.

The work of Mr. Lewes which stands at the head of our notice is a contribution to the study of Aristotle in this capacity, which, though far from being exhaustive or faultless, we gratefully accept. It cannot be denied that he possesses several qualifications for the task which he has undertaken. More than twenty years ago, his lively, though hasty and often erroneous, sketch of the "History of Philosophy" showed he had been employed on the works of Plato and Aristotle; and his vastly improved edition of the same work which has recently appeared exhibits a much closer acquaintance with, and a more correct appreciation of, the Greek philosophers. But he has also the advantage of having read and thought and written much on various parts of Natural Science; and no one, we think, can peruse the pages of even such a popular work as the "Physiology of Common Life" without being struck with the careful research and thorough acquaintance with the best writers on the subject displayed throughout. In the volume before us he has devoted his powers, both classical and scientific, to analysing and examining the physical treatises of Aristotle, such as the "De Anima," the "Meteorology," and "Physics," the "History" and "Parts" of Animals, and others of which few readers know anything but the names. It is to serve as a sort of introduction to a larger work on which Mr. Lewes has been for many years engaged, and which he calls "The Embryology of Science; or, an Exposition of the Great Moments in Scientific Development." He had been led (he says at p. 182) to the study of Aristotle's scientific writings by the excessive praise bestowed by great writers on that philosopher for having not only made correct and valuable observations on various branches of natural science, but also for having anticipated some of the startling discoveries of modern times. On examination, he found this praise undeserved; and the somewhat exaggerated eulogies of Cuvier and others appear to have provoked Mr. Lewes not only to adopt what we cannot but consider an over-rigid standard of criticism in his judgment of writings now two thousand years old, but also, from the swing of reaction, to rush into the opposite extreme of a depreciation of Aristotle's science, which is feebly redeemed by repeated assurances of the admiration he entertains for his intellectual supremacy.

As we may expect from so ardent an apostle of the scientific creed of Auguste Comte, Mr. Lewes proceeds to try the Stagirite by the tests of the positive philosophy. He first gives a very clear and interesting sketch of the dawn of science; its gradual emancipation from the "subjective method," by which he means the attempt to explain phenomena by agencies external to the things themselves—by the deities of the "theological" stage, or the abstractions of the "metaphysical;" and its final development in the pursuit of the objective method, or the patient discovery of laws through a careful induction from verified facts. He does the

Greeks the justice of ascribing to them the origin of science; and considers the Pythagoreans to have displayed the first workings of the scientific spirit in their researches on the vibrations of bodies. But, although they are fairly entitled to the credit of having originated science, they deserve but little praise for their mode of prosecuting it. To have first recognised (1) the necessity, (2) the method of proof, does not compensate (in Mr. Lewes's eyes) for their disregard of verification and consequent reliance on unproved facts, and for their tendency to find within their minds the solution of problems which could only be furnished from observation without. While Plato among the Greeks was most conspicuous for these defects, his pupil, with a new and better method, did not escape them. Mr. Lewes takes Aristotle as the representative of Greek science, calling him the "Father of the Inductive Philosophy," the principles of which he conceives him to have "announced with a completeness and precision not surpassed by Bacon himself." The impression left on our minds by the perusal of our author's chapter on "Aristotle's Method" is that he has himself fallen into the error of those against whom he writes. In ascribing to Aristotle the discovery of the inductive method, he appears to us to have made the same exaggeration in regard to the Aristotelian logic which he charges Cuvier and others with committing in regard to the Aristotelian zoology.

The passages quoted by Mr. Lewes prove that Aristotle recognised the great importance of particulars as the basis of universals; they do not prove that he viewed induction as the great instrument of discovery in nature, or furnished any rules whatever for the selection of facts that might lead to the apprehension of laws. Sir W. Hamilton showed the wide difference between the induction of Aristotle and Bacon when he described the one as "the laws under which the subject (*i.e.*, mind) thinks; the other (Bacon's) as those under which the object is to be known." As long as science was the knowledge of causes, induction could never have been put forward as the method of discovery; it could only become such after Bacon had taught men to look on science as only the co-ordination of facts under general laws. Besides, if Aristotle deserves the title of "Father of the Inductive Philosophy," it seems to us inconsistent to maintain that "he relied on universals to the neglect of particulars, and cared more about syllogisms than observations;" that he only practised deduction from assumptions which had not been confronted with reality; and yet "that he was the first to teach men to seek explanations of phenomena on the objective method." We cannot accept Mr. Lewes's solution that the philosopher taught one method and acted on the opposite; we believe, for our part, that the true conception of the inductive method was never present to Aristotle's mind, and that the wonder is, not that his practice was below his theory, but that with such imperfect notions of proof he collected his facts so diligently, and argued from them so well.

The greater part of Mr. Lewes's volume is taken up, as we said, with analyses of the physical treatises of Aristotle. In some parts the epitome is too brief to be of use to any but those who are contented with the most superficial acquaintance with the views of the philosopher; in others, the extracts are made too much with the object of pointing out the scientific defects, rather than the merits, of Aristotle; but nevertheless, in the absence of any English work on the subject, we welcome Mr. Lewes's instalment, inadequate though it appears to us to be. Of the strictly physical treatises our author thinks slightly: in less than forty pages, the eight books of the "Physics," the four books on the "Heavens," the two books on "Generation and Corruption," with the "Meteorology" and "Mechanical Problems," are sketched and dismissed with the summary sentence that "the neglect into which the physical speculations have fallen is entirely justified." He makes a slight reservation in favour of the "Meteorology," influenced probably by the high praise bestowed on the views propounded in it by Monsieur Barthélemy St. Hilaire, in an edition and commentary of the work which appeared last year. We are glad to see that towards the biological theories of Aristotle Mr. Lewes is disposed to be more favourable, though even here his eagerness to clip the philosopher's laurels is constantly appearing. If he must acknowledge his conclusions to be right, he will insist on declaring his premisses to be wrong, or else that he is only right where insufficiency of knowledge prevented his views from being obscured. In the same way (speaking of some of his zoological facts), the poor philosopher is represented as having got them only "from fishermen, who made lucky guesses;" as to others which he records from his own observation, that observation is "spoiled by having none of the naturalist's enjoyment about it—no out of door-ness," as Mr. Lewes calls it. Verily the Stagirite has had to pay dear for the high praises that originally provoked such implacable criticism. We should have thought, for our part, that the philosopher's profound conception of  $\psi\chi\eta$ , taken by itself, might have established his claim to be regarded as a great anticipator of the most advanced among modern speculations. To have recognised the identity of plant and animal, to have analysed and connected the functions of life and mind, to have seen in man only the highest point of one continuous ascent, and that at a time when anatomy and physiology could hardly be said to have existed, except so far as he had himself created them, have always seemed to us matchless instances of the prophetic insight of scientific genius. Because Aristotle did not make the same application of such principles as Mr. Darwin, to question their profundity or underrate their originality is surely as unfair as it is ungracious.

We have not space to give our readers a sketch of the very interesting chapter on the "Anticipation of Modern Discoveries"

\* Aristotle: a Chapter from the History of Science, including Analyses of Aristotle's Scientific Writings. By G. H. Lewes. London: Smith, Elder, & Co.



in zoology for which Aristotle has hitherto enjoyed a credit which even Mr. Lewes can only partially diminish. We prefer to substitute a passage on Aristotle's theory about the origin of intellect, which, marking as it does the distinction between mind as a godlike and incorporeal principle and the nutritive and sensitive principles which are obviously dependent on matter, may rightly be viewed as the most decisive passage on the "Immortality of the Soul" to be met with in his works. It is specially worth quoting, as being found in the treatise (more rarely read than it deserves) "On Generation and Development":—

"Not at once is the animal a man or horse; for the end is last attained, and the specific form is the end of each development. Hence it is an important question when, how, and whence comes the intellect in those animals which possess it. We must evidently assume that the sperm and the unseparated conception (ovum) must possess the vegetal soul, at least potentially, though not in reality until the separated conception (foetus) takes up nourishment, and thus fulfils the works of such a soul. At first it seems as if the embryo lived the life of a plant; it is only at a subsequent period that we can speak of a sensitive and intelligent soul. These, however, must necessarily pre-exist potentially before they exist in reality. Now, either they must not have been actually present, and must have come in all together; or they were all present; or else some were present and others not, and they must have come in with the germ and not with the sperm, or reached the germ from the sperm. If in the sperm, they must have entered at once from without, or none did so, unless some did and others did not. But it is impossible that they should have been actually present, since all the corporeal functions naturally require the presence of their respective organs—i.e., there can be no walking without legs. For the same reason they cannot come from without. Nor can they enter alone, being inseparable from their organs; nor in a body, for the sperm is a secretion from the metamorphosed food. Only the intellect enters from without. It alone is godlike. Its actuality has nothing in common with corporeal actuality."

As to the translations in this volume, they appear to us always spirited and intelligent; we are not sure they are always equally correct. Without wishing to be critically captious towards Mr. Lewes's scholarship, we would ask him to reconsider such interpretations as that at p. 112—"We must not accept a general principle from logic only," &c., as expressing τὸ λόγῳ καθόλου λαβεῖν; and we question whether, in the famous passage from the Post-Analytics on the growth of the understanding, Mr. Lewes's version, that "from memory arise first distinctions," does not result from a mistranslation of the context. Such minor blemishes as ἀπορία for a plural, and "Melitus" for "Meletus," the accuser of Socrates, may easily have escaped our author's eye in a hasty revision of his proof-sheets.

#### MEXICO, ANCIENT AND MODERN.\*

M. MICHEL CHEVALIER has been peculiarly fortunate in his selection of a translator. There is nothing except the title-page in the work before us to indicate that it was not originally written in English. It is an important addition to the literature of the day, not on account of its merits as a history, for in that respect it falls short of the promise held forth in its title, but from the bold exposition which it makes of the antagonism dividing the Church of Rome all over the world into two hostile camps, and the severity with which, speaking apparently under French Imperial inspiration, it threatens the Pope and the Ultramontanists. It strikes us that a mere pamphlet in defence of the French expedition to Mexico was the first intention; that a consideration of the almost universal ignorance of the public upon the subject of Mexican affairs suggested the necessity of an historical introduction; that collateral questions, especially the Roman, were then found to press for discussion; and that thus the work has expanded, almost in despite of its author, to its present dimensions.

A careful consideration of the long and evil tutelage to which the Mexicans have been subjected is absolutely necessary to a thorough comprehension of their present condition. Compelled at the sword's point to become Christians, the native Aztecs were next reduced to a serfdom that was worse than slavery. Their ancient nobility was systematically degraded until the very traditions of family and descent must have died out. And not alone were the natives kept under a galling yoke; the Creole population, which included not merely the offspring of mixed marriages between Spanish settlers and Indians, but the children of purely Spanish parents born in Mexico, were forbidden to hold any office or to exercise any civil right. In one respect only were natives and Creoles permitted to enjoy a quasi equality with Spaniards. They were admitted to the priesthood, and they were allowed to enter monasteries and convents. The result, as might be naturally supposed, was not very edifying. M. Chevalier touches the subject with a light and delicate hand. He points out that it would have been difficult, if not impossible, to provide a sufficient number of priests unless the natives were admitted to ordination; but he admits that a bad effect must have been produced upon a primitive and extremely ignorant people by seeing their pastors, whom they knew to be bound, as Roman Catholic clergy, to lives of celibacy and rigid chastity, living in open and undisguised concubinage. The Jesuits brought with them extensive reforms of the Church, and of the morals of the clergy; but they deepened and

strengthened the spiritual slavery of the people. The picture drawn of Mexican society at the date of the Declaration of Independence in the United States is most melancholy, and the reader closes the first volume with the uncomfortable persuasion that no state of affairs which might result from new wars or insurrections could be worse than the atrocious tyranny which for nearly three centuries had been crushing mind and body in Mexico, until idiocy must have been the normal condition of the vast body of the native, and of no insignificant portion of the Creole population.

M. Chevalier's second volume is the really important part of his work. It commences with 1808, when the news arrived in Mexico that Napoleon had overthrown the Bourbon dynasty in Spain. The first movement of all classes who could manifest an opinion was an outburst of enthusiasm in favour of Ferdinand VII. After a little while, however, the zeal was found to be unproductive. Ferdinand had abdicated, and the people, left to themselves, began to repeat, parrot-like, some such phrase as "national sovereignty," which, despite the *espionage* and the terrors of the Inquisition, had been read in secret in some of the French books which had been smuggled into the country. From that moment the spirit of insurrection spread—not in the first instance amongst the native Indian population, for that we take to be impossible, degraded as they were, but amongst the Creoles and half-breeds. On the 16th September, 1810, the standard of independence was first raised by a clergyman, Don Miguel Hidalgo y Costilla, parish priest of Dolores, a man more than sixty years of age. He was, of course, followed by his native, along with his Spanish and Creole parishioners, and, as it would be difficult to say which possessed the most sanguinary disposition, his career was marked by fearful atrocities. His power, however, was extremely brief. On the 2nd of March in the following year, he was betrayed by one of his officers, and given up to the fury of both ecclesiastical and lay tribunals. By the former he was deprived of his priestly functions, degraded, and handed over to the latter, which quickly transferred him to the executioner. And yet he died declaring his unswerving loyalty to Ferdinand VII. His utmost desires would have been gratified if that wretched scion of a despotic race had been installed in the plenitude of absolute power as monarch resident in Mexico. But the insurrection was continued by other men with other motives, until it received a terrible check at the hands of the man who afterwards changed sides, and actually became for a time Emperor. Don Augustine Iturbide was a Creole officer, who manifested his zeal for his King and his religion by various sanguinary deeds, one of which was his celebration of Good Friday in 1814, after the battle of Salvatierra, by the execution of three hundred prisoners, on the pretext that they were excommunicated. But, having learned the weakness of Ferdinand VII. by degrees, and having become enlightened as to his own chances, he first became leader of the party of Independence in 1821, and on the 18th May, 1822, he was proclaimed Emperor. Brief exaltation! In March, 1823, he was an exile with a pension of £5,000 a year, and one of his favourite officers, General Santa Anna, was the ostensible leader of the people. In 1824 he made a foolish attempt to return. He was captured and shot. In 1829, Ferdinand VII. again attempted to reconquer Mexico, but his General (Barradas) sustained a humiliating defeat at Tampico, at the hands of Generals Teran and Santa Anna. The immediate result of that affair was the exile, *en masse*, of all Spaniards born in the Peninsula—a fatal measure, which deprived Mexico of the best instructed and most industrious portion of her population. The leading men, conscious of the weakness of the popular elements with which they had to deal, next sought for a monarch amongst the Catholic Princes of Europe; but, failing to find one, they adopted a Republican form of government under the Presidency of General Santa Anna. Then came twenty years of changes and experiments; and finally disorder and anarchy rendered the condition of the country unendurable to foreign powers, no less than to the well-disposed inhabitants. During those troubled years, the United States had annexed, under various pretences, more than one-half of the Mexican territory; and it is in order to check the further progress of what he maintains must be slaveholding states, to give security and stability to what remains of Mexico, and to accommodate the form of government to the genius of the people, that M. Chevalier urges the necessity of the establishment upon the throne of Montezuma of the Archduke Maximilian by the power of French arms, if not by a more extended European intervention. The case is well put; so strong is it, indeed, that its error lies in its strength. The elements of weakness in the population for all purposes of self-government are shown to be so many and so hopeless, and the elements of knowledge, enlightenment, and self-reliance, are represented to be so few, that cautious common-sense shrinks from an attempt at creating a vertebrate, rational body-corporate out of such jelly-fish. Even allowing that the picture is overdrawn, the actual staring difficulties which all the world can see standing in the way of a good organization of Mexico are sufficient to dash the hopes of the most sanguine.

M. Chevalier is a Catholic of the Gallican school. He therefore deals severely with the Ultramontane Mexican bishops and clergy, whose intolerant bigotry and superstition he boldly condemns. But, inasmuch as they take their tone directly from Rome, he finds himself suddenly brought face to face with the Roman question, which he cannot help feeling, though he does not say so, ought to have been solved in Europe before France rushed into a similar difficulty in the New World. Although the French army has driven out Juarez, the opponent of the Clerical party, so far has such conduct been from conciliating them that the French General

\* Mexico, Ancient and Modern. By M. Michel Chevalier, Senator and Member of the Institute of France. Translated, under the Author's superintendence, by Thomas Alpan, for many years foreign Editor of the *Morning Chronicle*. London: John Maxwell & Co.



was obliged to threaten the Archbishop of Mexico with the terrors of the Provost-marshal unless he and his satellites acted with greater decorum. But if, under such favourable circumstances, the Church party could only be kept within the bounds of law and propriety by fear of the drum-head, the gallows, or the cat, what hope is there for the country when an Austrian Prince is seated upon its throne, and the French army shall have been withdrawn? M. Chevalier draws a striking contrast between the advancement of Protestant States in wealth, civilization, enlightenment, and power, and the inertness or decadence of Catholic States, but especially of those which have not shaken off the destructive yoke of Ultramontanism. The eighth and last part of his work is particularly worthy of note, since it may be taken as an exposition of the real opinions of Imperial France and of the Emperor himself upon the Roman question. The Pope is threatened with the loss of the greater portion of his present religious subjects unless his political system be quickly altered:—

"The position taken by the Holy See and the Sacred College—and following them, almost unanimously, by the episcopacy—with respect to the spirit that animates the peoples of modern times, is therefore that of declared antagonism. Obedient Catholics, for whom every word uttered by the Holy See is an oracle, cannot but dislike and hate representative institutions and the liberal guarantees confirmed by the laws of their country. They are incited to disobey the laws and to defy them. On their part, even the most prudent and patient friends of liberty, progress, and civilization, must be deeply wounded by the fact, that the political institutions and liberal laws honourably won by the human race with long and painful efforts should be dogmatically represented—in the name of the religion which they ask nothing better than to honour, in the name of that Divinity whose holy name they venerate—as scourges, and held up to the reprobation and horror of the faithful under the title of *works of Satan*. Catholic nations are thus placed in the most painful of alternatives; for to proclaim from the Chair of St. Peter that no conciliation is possible between faith, on the one hand, and progress, liberalism, and civilization, on the other, such as they are desired and understood by Europe in calmness and reason, is it not to signify to them that they must choose between the two? But how is the choice possible? Openly to repudiate what the Court of Rome commands to be believed, what it assimilates to articles of faith—at least by the violence it displays in the support of it—and to persist in doctrines against which that Court hurls an anathema, is the commencement of a schism for which no one has a liking. But, on the other hand, is there a man of sense who imagines that civilized peoples are going to renounce that liberal system in which, carried prudently into practice, they are assured they will find true good order, power, greatness, knowledge, and wealth; or that they will ever decide on abandoning the flag of religious toleration, notwithstanding the pains taken at Rome to compare it to the plague? To perpetuate in states such discord as this, is it not to endanger, at one and the same time, religious faith, public peace, and national liberty? The vital powers of Catholic nations would be consumed and exhausted in such a conflict. Would not that be an irreparable loss to the Church? Not only does the most simple process of reasoning reveal the dangers of this flagrant antagonism between the doctrine upheld by the Church and the principles to which mature reflection and long experience have brought civilized states, sovereigns and peoples alike; but further, the facts are compelled to proclaim that, of the two influences at conflict, the one that is in the wrong is not that of the spirit of the age. . . . Look at Spain before 1830, and the kingdom of Naples at the moment when the throne of the Bourbons crumbled into dust at the breath of Garibaldi: they were governments without strength, without intelligence, and without honour—States incapable of the slightest enterprise and the slightest activity. Yet they were governed, to the utmost extent possible, according to the heart's wish of the Court of Rome. I say to the utmost extent possible, because the system proclaimed by the two Pontifical documents of 1832 and 1861 had been compelled to submit to a few restrictions in both those States; and those very derogations it was that maintained in them a spark of life. But there, where the system was complete, without any reserve, in the Roman States—heavens, what a spectacle! The word impotence would be flattery for the picture of such a political situation. The proper word is nothingness, for it is in vain to make search at Rome—no government is to be discerned there; the most experienced eye can distinguish nought more of such a thing than the corpse. For fourteen years have the arms of France preserved the city of Rome to the Holy See, and for that period the Papacy has been in a position to rehabilitate the temporal power in the Holy City. Under the shadow of the French flag, it might have tried in safety whatsoever it had conceived, and have displayed at ease the plenitude of its means. But, after such a lapse of time, and under such circumstances, things are at that point that, should the French troops evacuate Rome some morning, that very evening the political authority of the Holy Father would be no longer in existence. It is not I who say this—it is the whole world."

But Pope Pius IX shows no intention of changing or wavering in his policy. The French army seems likely to remain at Rome; and the Emperor appears disposed to set at defiance the old Scotch proverb—"It's ill waitin' for dead men's shoon." M. Chevalier does not hide the difficulty. He says that France must establish liberal and representative institutions, and that the Mexican clergy and the Court of Rome will resist them with the same tenacity as ever. But he considers the difficulty not insoluble. His faith in the lessons of experience and in the final triumph of prudence and common-sense is great, and he concludes by an expression of hopeful belief that even yet the Court of Rome will renounce its political errors. As we are not gifted with the spirit of prophecy, we shall take refuge in the profundity of the wise saying—"Those who live will see."

## THE STREAM OF LIFE.\*

In a thick book of some six hundred pages, Mr. Milton draws a pictorial map of the stream of life—that stream of life which began with something less than a monad, ages before a particle of the vast Silurian rocks of Wales and Shropshire had been deposited, and which flows on in worlds innumerable beyond our own. Of this vast stream of life a panoramic view is set before us—a tracing on transparent paper, elaborated from the sketches, maps, plans, and opinions of others who have been the workers and the travellers, and which the author has cut out, copied, reduced, varied, and arranged; a map-view, such as one might make of Africa by reducing the pictures, maps, and sketches of Mungo Park, Livingstone, and all other travellers on that continent to one scale, and arranging them according to descriptions and accounts in geographical area. The reader of Mr. Milton's book ought to possess, as might be expected, both education and judgment, for the compiler's opinions, extending over so vast a range, are not always reliable or trustworthy, and indeed he professes at the outset, "like the Greek chorus," to "offer a commentary rather than pronounce an individual opinion."

We are not naturally disposed to encourage the compilation of popular books out of the materials afforded by works of a valuable and expensive character, which have been accomplished only by the devotion and ability of true philosophers. We cannot help thinking there is, to a certain extent, a kind of minor immorality attaching to the act; but, on the other hand, there is the advantage that hundreds, or even thousands, may thus obtain a superficial knowledge of those labours of the few good workers for the original accounts of which only the rich and the studious pay. Undoubtedly the book before us is a wonderful accumulation of other people's doings and thinkings. It would be curious to calculate how many pages there are in it of downright reprint, and how many pages of reconstructed sentences, differing only from absolute quotations in the amount of recasting they have undergone. Possibly one-tenth of the matter may be the full total due to Mr. Milton as original; and, if we were to take the style of his reflections on the discoveries of Boucher de Perthes, we should not be inclined to put any high value on that residue. He writes:—

"M. Boucher de Perthes was now rapidly getting the upper hand, and, not satisfied with alarming *Scientific World*, he had it put upon its trial; *Scientific World* did not like this, and endeavoured to show that the flints might have been formed by 'violent and long-continued friction in water, which is about as impossible as that they might have been shot at the earth by the man in the moon or the inhabitants of Saturn, or that they had been made by steam in antediluvian times and buried in the gravel, in order to mystify the learned.' . . . *Scientific World* winced, and would have persuaded people that it had been all along convinced of the truth of these interesting discoveries, but it was too late. . . . *Scientific World* was found guilty and condemned to death. Before execution it confessed to having perpetrated the same crime on several other occasions. Last dying speech and confession of *Scientific World* was published by Professors Owen and Ansted, and Sir Charles Lyell, who assisted at the mournful ceremony."

To think that Sir Charles should have deserted poor *Scientific World* in the last hours of its downfall and disgrace! This writing is far beneath the dignity of science, and we are glad that such passages are very casual. Mr. Milton can write better and think better than this. His pithy addenda to his quotations are often newly-painted finger-posts guiding in the right direction. For example, after describing, chiefly from Lyell's recent work, "The Antiquity of Man," the painstaking, laborious, and indefatigable labours of Schmerling at the Engis cave, into which he was let down "month after month, even for years," to creep into its recesses on all-fours, and there to superintend the workmen by torchlight—standing for hours in the wet mud, with the cavern-roof dripping water from above, solely to guard against the loss of a single human relic, and to give true evidence of the position and finding of every one—he comments on the remarks of Lyell, lately made, that "we need scarcely wonder that only a passing traveller failed to stop and scrutinize the evidence, but that a quarter of a century should have elapsed before even the neighbouring Professors of the University of Liege came forth to vindicate the truthfulness of their indefatigable and clear-sighted countryman." Mr. Milton's comments deserve to be printed with ink as red as the cover of his book. "With all possible deference to Sir Charles," he says, "I am disposed to think that the Liege professors ought to have been as capable of judging from the first few discoveries of bones as from any number." And so ought certain British geologists. Only one other thing we have to find fault with in Mr. Milton's book,—the affectation of using lower-case type for proper names. It is as offensive to good taste and propriety of typography to print *british* islands, *phœnicians*, *english*, *danes*, *french*, as it would be in letter-writing to substitute a little *i* for the capital always employed for the personal pronoun, or to use a little *d* and a little *s* in the *Dear Sir* with which epistolary correspondence is usually commenced.

We have now said all we have to say against the book, and this amounts to about as much in comparison of what we could say in its favour as the original matter in it does to the extracts.

\* The Stream of Life on our Globe; its Archives, Traditions, and Laws, as revealed by modern discoveries in Geology and Palæontology. A Sketch in Untechnical Language of the Beginning and Growth of Life, and the Physiological Laws which govern its progress and operations. By J. L. Milton, M.R.C.S. London: Hardwicke.

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It really does give a very good picture and general survey of the whole range of topics at the present time under such animated discussion. It contains very fair summaries indeed of the most instructive and valuable works which have appeared upon the manifold subjects upon which it treats—the beginning of life, the first dwellers upon earth, the first builders, the first wanderers, the first colonists, the first language, the first alphabet, Darwinianism and the battle of life, the laws of life, life in the blood, life in the nerves, life in a giant, life in men of genius, life in the waters, and life in the stars. Life everywhere in short—except in space—and every phase of past and present, stopping short only at life to come.

The volume is worthy of everybody's purchase as a marvellous granary of gleanings. Samples are in it of everybody's corn. We have wheat from Wilson's fields, and Falconer's, Prestwich's, Larlet's, Worssae's; barley from Lyell, Max Müller, and Forster; oats from Bacon, Gibbon, Dr. Knox, and the novelist James; and even some of the wild tares sown by Albert Koch. There is not a topic, from how the primitive men made their flint weapons, to the old Jew settlements in Spain, from the definition of a species to the interpretation of hieroglyphics, from the nature of vital power to the nature of diseases, from the size of giants to the size of men of renown, from the origin of man to the origin of the alphabet, from the azoic rocks, deep in the bowels of the earth, upwards to the use of the stars, nor downwards from the explosion of planets to the natural colour of water, that is not more or less lucidly, and pretty generally impartially, put before the reader. To review such a book throughout its entirety would be to review every phase of modern learning and investigation; and all that the reviewer can otherwise do is to express merely a favourable or unfavourable opinion of its merits. This much we will freely say, that the quantity and value of the books perused and noted, the select character of the extracts, and the general faithfulness retained in the abstracts and summaries of large, extensive, and often intricate works, go far to make Mr. Milton's work one of constant service, and of more than restricted usefulness.

#### ANCIENT BRITISH LEGENDS.\*

WHETHER or not the legends of ancient Britain possess any historical value, it cannot be denied that many of them are very good stories. Shakespeare has drawn from this source two of his finest plays—"King Lear" and "Cymbeline;" Spenser found in our island myths the inspiration of his "Faery Queene," and in one canto of that poem has given a condensed history of early British kings "from Brute to Uther's reign;" Drayton, in his endless, but interesting and often beautiful, poem "Polyolbion," has reproduced the old doubtful annals with as much loving enthusiasm as if he had been a Cambrian Briton instead of an Anglo-Saxon out of Warwickshire; and Milton not only contemplated making Arthur and his Knights of the Round Table the heroes of an epic,—not only introduced Sabrina and the gentle deities of the Severn into his Masque, and the legends of Cornwall into his Monody,—but has included the whole circle of British tradition, even to its supernatural parts, in his "History of England," observing that the poets knew the worth of such stories, and how to turn them to account. In our own days, the Poet Laureate and Sir Bulwer Lytton, not to mention smaller singers in plenty, have revived the national interest in the creations of Arthurian romance; and of late years the old chroniclers—Geoffrey of Monmouth, Nennius, and others—have been reprinted in a cheap form by Mr. Henry Bohn. Miss Menzies now follows in the same wake by the publication of these "Legendary Tales of the Ancient Britons." The stories which she has told—eight in number—have been selected from the "Chronicle of Geoffrey of Monmouth;" the authoress, or rather the adapter, being of opinion that the tales "deserve to be rendered familiar to the youth of the country." It would have been better, we think, had Miss Menzies forborne from championing the annals of the old Welsh writer as in any degree historical; and, indeed, she seems in this respect to be at issue with herself. At p. v. of her preface she disclaims "any desire to defend the authenticity" of the tales she has retold; yet in the very previous page she says:—"It appears to us much easier to believe that Geoffrey of Monmouth collected and arranged the floating history of the country than that of his own proper fancy he devised his narrative." Very likely Geoffrey may not have invented what he has set down; yet to give to his legends of the peopling of this island by Brutus and the Trojans, of the giants of Cornwall, and of the kings who conquered Rome, the name of history, is rather a venturesome step. All the best historical authorities reject these traditions; and we have never seen any reason for disagreeing with their verdict, though a few impulsive Welsh scholars have quarrelled with Julius Cæsar for representing the Britons of his time as a set of barbarians. However, the tales, as we began by saying, are good for their own sake, and we are always glad to welcome them afresh, in whatever form they may be put forth.

The first story in the little book under review is that of Locrinus and Eyllt, to which Miss Menzies gives a turn rather different from that of her original, and very different from that of Spenser in the tenth canto (Book II.) of the "Faery Queene." The poet throws all the reader's sympathy on the side of Guen-

dolen, the queen of Locrinus, and against his favourite Eyllt, or Estrild, as he calls her; while even Geoffrey seems to suggest that Locrinus behaved shabbily to his queen, the daughter of Corineus, the giant, in order that he might indulge his illicit passion for the daughter of the German king. In the version of Miss Menzies, Eyllt is married to Locrinus, who afterwards marries Guendolen out of fear of the giant her father. "The Legend of Lear and his Three Daughters" follows closely on the relation of old Geoffrey, though this in its climax differs very considerably from the mighty tragedy which the genius of Shakespeare has left us, inasmuch as it ends in the happy restoration of Lear to his kingdom by the assistance of the Gallic monarch, Aganippus, the husband of Cordelia, who survives her father when, in the fulness of time, he tranquilly expires. In "The Legend of Cynedda and Morgan," our authoress has herself departed in some important respects from the ancient chronicle. The last three stories in the book, relating the lives of St. Alban, of Vortigern, and of Cadwallon, a British prince in the time of Saxon Edwin, bring us within periods of authentic history. This mixture of truth and fiction is likely, we fear, to mislead young readers. We regret that Miss Menzies did not keep within the twilight of legendary tradition; though we should not have objected to the introduction of the manifestly fabulous tales of Arthur and his knights, the Arthur of romance being clearly distinguished from the Arthur of historical reality.

Miss Menzies narrates her stories pleasantly, gracefully, and with an unquestionable power to entertain. The treatment, however, would have been rendered more impressive by a little more dramatic force—a little more of that poetical insight which makes past ages seem present, and fictions truths. We were painfully jarred also by such colloquialisms as "a mere put off," and "if so be," in the midst of heroic language; but that Miss Menzies can write with tenderness and pathos, let this passage, descriptive of the reconciliation of Cordelia and Lear, attest:—

"Even so she came to him, looking all the more queenly for her simple habit, and for the sweet child-like reverence in her countenance; but when she lifted her eyes and beheld the wan and worn face of the Royal Lear, his stooping gait, his shrunken form, which the rich robes could not hide, she burst into a passion of tears, and falling at his feet laid her head upon his knees and broke into such bitter sobs, that the old man forgot his own grief in trying to comfort her, and his thin hairs mingled with her rich tresses, as his poor withered hands wandered tenderly about her head, as they had wont to do in the happy olden time."

The following battle-scene has a touch of epic grandeur and poetry:—

"No sooner did the tidings of the northern muster reach Trinovant, than the warrior soul awoke in the bosom of the Cornish Prince, and the blood of Corineus, the Giant-slayer, leapt in his veins; the bitter wrath, which sorrow and the word plighted to the dead Queen had kept under, blazed out, and he thirsted to avenge his wasted life, and the joy of his youth turned into early grief. Then he arose terrible in his anger, like a serpent that hath lain through the winter torpid, whom the hot sun kindles into life and rage, and, gathering together his own sturdy Cornish men, he marched to meet Morgan; and, coming up with him at Maesmawr, in Glamorgan, a fierce fight was fought; but when Morgan saw the warlike array of his cousin, and the well-known locks of the Prince flashing like a star of gold in the front of the battle, great terror seized him, and he turned him away in haste to flee; but, as he wheeled about in his chariot, a Cornish man sprang up behind him, and dragging him to the earth there wrestled and strove with him till the life was fairly crushed out of him, and his body was trampled beneath the feet of the horses; so that when they found him, it was only by his royal apparel that they knew who he was."

We shall hope to meet Miss Menzies again on the fascinating ground of old romance.

#### BELLA DONNA; OR, THE CROSS BEFORE THE NAME.\*

"Bella Donna" is a title which appears something like a pun upon the name of the heroine of the story; or, in its botanical signification as "deadly nightshade," it may possibly typify her character. Both ideas were perhaps present to the mind of the author when naming his work, and are not altogether inappropriately combined. In "Jenny Bell" we find far more force of character and more vigour, as an individual conception, than are met with in the mass of literary fiction current at the present day; and it is here that probably the author more excels than in the incidents of his narrative. Charlotte's railway journey, for instance, through England and France, is a highly improbable incident; and Jenny's flinging into the waste-paper basket the only *pièce de conviction* which could by possibility be brought home to her in her long career of duplicity, seems, though of course essential to the plot, inconsistent with that wily cautiousness of conduct attributed to her. But there is a subtlety in the delineation of Jenny's character, a tenderness of touch in the description of her finesse, and a delicacy in the manner in which the author finally exhibits her as the self-impaled victim of her own deceitful and remorseless selfishness, struggling in vain against the effects of her evil designs towards others, that show the author has naturally a lurking fondness for his heroine, even after he has, to the satisfaction of justice, exposed and dismissed her. In this feeling the

\* *Legendary Tales of the Ancient Britons. Rehearsed from the Early Chronicles.* By Louisa L. J. Menzies. London: John Russell Smith.

\* *Bella Donna; or, the Cross before the Name. A Romance.* By Gilbert Dyce. Two vols. London: Ben'ley.



reader to a certain degree doubtless participates, and in taking leave of her feels that it is not wholly improbable they may meet again.

Jenny Bell is a humble dependent of the Franklyn family, whose head—an honest, but somewhat careless, country squire—begins to find, from various causes, some of a bygone generation, his pecuniary affairs considerably involved, and his position in county society proportionately imperilled. His eldest son has just come home on sick leave from the army in India for some time; and his father, with the anticipation of in some measure retrieving his fortunes and the credit of his name, is looking out for a match for him among the wealthy manufacturing families of the neighbourhood. The required heiress of this description is found, and, with her father, pays a visit, from which everything was to be expected, to the Franklyns, before and after which many hints are thrown out by the father to his son, and to the household generally, respecting his wishes and expectations; but Jenny, who is not yet cognizant of the tightness of the money market in relation to Mr. Franklyn's energetic attempts to effect a relaxation of it in his favour, contrives, in spite of a flirtation she had formerly carried on with a friendly and infatuated curate, before his eyes and those, so to speak, of his rival, by a series of ingeniously designed baits, hooks, traps, and snares, totally to inveigle the young officer's affections, and defeat his father's more prudent calculations. After many protestations of unwillingness to bring trouble and dissension among so kind and amiable a family, and repeated assurances by herself of her own transparent simplicity of character, as if compassionating the elder Franklyn's distress and disappointment in regard to his long-cherished schemes, she disappears; is followed, and brought back by her devoted lover, reconciled to his father, and eventually accepted by all as bride elect. In the meantime, having become aware, by making herself surreptitiously acquainted with the contents of various legal documents, of the impecuniosity of the Franklyn family, and the very narrow income to which herself and her betrothed were about to be consigned, she very dexterously turns the tables; and, by teasing the youth into a belief of her own impatience, and affected doubts of his sincerity and intention to keep his promise, she provokes him into a declaration of indifference, of regret for his contracted prospects, and into such threats of procrastination, that finally, as the highest exemplar of injured innocence extant, she relieves both herself and him from the engagement he had once so ardently entered into.

Charlotte Franklyn, the eldest daughter, who has hitherto for some short time only appeared in the narrative, and who has been on a lengthened visit to the house of a neighbouring baronet, commences now to take part in the progress of affairs; and, being about as shrewd as her dear cousin, and possessed of rather more principle, begins to comprehend the character of her humble friend, and the game she was prepared to play. She sets herself to checkmate Jenny accordingly; and the two working together, though from different motives, for the same end, on the puerile mind of the young soldier, produce the result already indicated. The commencement and progress of the affection entertained by the baronet's son for Charlotte is cleverly shown; while the delight and "fun" which the engagement causes among the younger branches of the Franklyn family tree, and the dreadful catastrophe which lays it low for a very considerable period, are passages artfully interspersed at different times. Jenny, we may be sure, so manages after all as to secure the good wishes of the Franklyns after her departure, contriving, by means of correspondence with the enamoured cleric, to keep herself *au courant* as to the affairs of the family. That she falls upon her feet might be expected as a matter of certainty; and, accordingly, we next find Miss Bell domiciled in the family of a Q.C., with an invalid wife and three children, the management of whom, or their affairs in one or other degree, devolves upon the wary and versatile Jenny. The manner in which she proceeds to make herself useful and agreeable, and it may be added necessary, to that overworked functionary of the House of Commons Committee Rooms, is most amusingly related; of the further details of the plot, however, we must not say anything. For her second visit to the Franklyns, and her temporary success with Charlotte's declared admirer; the general scope of her schemes, both with regard to him and her legal patron, she at one moment appearing to have the option of two hereditary titles laid at her feet; and the apparently insignificant means, contemptuously overlooked, by which the sudden collapse and irretrievable discomfiture of all her machinations are effected—recourse must be had to the work itself, with which the reader cannot fail to be gratified. Mr. Dyce has a figurative style, a crispness of expression, and a clearness of outline, which in these days are quite refreshing.

From such a work, thus mainly occupied with the delineation and discrimination of character, as shown in act and conversation, it is difficult to select any passage that may serve as an effective specimen of the author's mode of composition or treatment of his subject generally; but the following photograph of a certain "gay, boisterous, skilful practitioner at the bar, who flung his fees from one hand as fast as he received them in the other, . . . and over whose golden gains an official person was said to keep careful watch, representing a whole guild of creditors," it is impossible not to recognise, as well as his mode of examining witnesses in the case of a disputed seat for a borough, as below described:—

"It was known that the next day this dangerous butcher would be engaged in person by Edwin Bowles, Q.C., by way of cross-examination,

who had kept himself expressly in reserve for this stage of the fight. Such a crowd, and such packing close and squeezing of the human form. Every one's face overlooked every one's shoulder. There were smiles, tittering, and loud laughter, even applause, until the chairman, Mr. Tartar Gibton, threatened to have the room cleared. It was protracted through the whole day. The butcher, a truculent, greasy being, more inclined to the horse and prize-fighting direction than to the harmless titular calling he professed, displayed matchless coolness, tact, and effrontery. Edwin Bowles closed with him many times, but was flung back without giving him a fall. Butcher calm and defiant; butcher at times dealing Edwin Bowles a skilful side-stroke, which raised much merriment and delight. But it was this which eventually undid him. He became jocular and insolent from security. Edwin Bowles, waiting calm and patiently for hours, at last saw the opening, rushed in, and flung him. Butcher was cowed; faltered, contradicted himself, became hot, surly, and confused, and finally had the truth wrung from him. When the committee rose, Edwin Bowles sat down, heated, weary, but triumphant, and was felt by all in the room—there were some creditors present, too, struggling between a sense of pecuniary injury and admiration—to be unsurpassed in England as a cross-examiner."

#### MAURITIUS AND MADAGASCAR.\*

ABOUT nine years ago, Dr. Ryan left England for the Mauritius, having previously been consecrated Bishop of that island, with a special view to the propagation of the Gospel among the numerous hordes of wholly or semi-savage people, Mahometans, Hindoos, Negroes, and other heathens, constituting the very heterogeneous population of that part of the globe. He now for the first time publishes the results of his episcopal labours in that far-distant region, and in the volume with which he favours the religious world describes the progress which Christianity has made, and is still making, amongst the inhabitants of the Mauritius and other islands in its immediate vicinity, and expounds the benefits that are likely to accrue to religion and to mankind in general from the persevering efforts of the missionary societies abroad. Dr. Ryan tells us that, although the English have held possession of Mauritius ever since 1810, there was no Protestant church there till 1828, "when an old powder-magazine was adapted to that purpose." The first Bishop who visited the members of the Church of England in the Mauritius was the Bishop of Colombo, who went to the island in the year 1850, chiefly for the purpose of holding confirmations. "He consecrated three churches, visited several missionary stations, and, by his earnest and faithful representations of the wants of the Church, and the formation of the Mauritius Church Association, gave an impulse to the cause, of which the good results are felt to the present day."

The writer of the book under notice set sail with his family for Mauritius on the 15th of March, 1855, from Gravesend. He was accompanied by the Rev. Dr. Fallet, whom he had recommended to Sir George Grey for the Seychelles chaplaincy, by Mr. Vaudin, a native of Sark, and Mr. Western, a Highbury master. Dr. Ryan was consecrated, together with the Bishop of Sydney, on the 30th of November, 1854, in the parish church of Lambeth, by the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishops of Lichfield, Chester, and Gibraltar. When he left this country, he took with him many handsome and valuable presents, both from the clergy and laity in different parts of England, and likewise funds to the amount of upwards of £1,000, £200 of which had been furnished by the Dowager Lady Grey, being the residue of the funds of a society that had laboured for the endowment of schools in Mauritius. He arrived at his place of destination on the 11th of June, having been eighty-two days on his passage outwards. He describes the first sight of land, after being so long at sea, as something peculiarly exquisite and beautiful. The scenery of Mauritius is lovely, and everybody on board seemed to regard the country as a species of fairy-land. On debarking, they met with a cordial reception from the English residents on the island, who had gone to meet them, and, Dr. Ryan and his family being invited by a Mr. James Fraser to his house at Burnside, they immediately proceeded thither. Their journey was very agreeable. The mountains, with the shades of evening on them, the sea appearing at intervals, the setting sun, the groves of cocoa-nut trees, bamboos, and other oriental plants, the motley population of different nationalities arrayed in the peculiar costumes of their country, and other objects, interested the author "to an extent which only those in like circumstances, after three months at sea, can understand." In June, 1860, the Bishop visited England, to urge on the notice of his friends at home the claims he had on their aid, and in March of the following year returned to Mauritius, the intervening nine months having been entirely occupied in advocating the cause which he had so much at heart. While at Port Louis, our author had the privilege of conducting the opening service on board the Mariners' Chapel. He describes it as a most interesting occasion. The chapel was erected on the deck of a bark which had formerly traded between Mauritius and Melbourne; it had a wooden roof, covering nearly the whole length of the deck, while the reading-desk was neatly fitted on to what had been the binnacle of the ship. Here the service was performed in presence of the entire crew and of several others, including the American consul, the members of the Church on shore, and "a voice from London and one from Pennsylvania."

Of the many experiences which Dr. Ryan went through during

\* Mauritius and Madagascar: Journals of an Eight Years' Residence in the Diocese of Mauritius, and of a Visit to Madagascar. By Vincent W. Ryan, D.D., Bishop of Mauritius. London: Seeley, Jackson, & Co.

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his residence in Mauritius, some were very beautiful, tender, and affecting, and others very sad, gloomy, and painful. On the whole, however, he appears satisfied with the progress which the Christian faith has already made in those parts, and, notwithstanding that he found many tribes and families in a state, to use his own words, of "gross ignorance and darkness," he seems very sanguine as to the future results of missionary labour. The operations of the Church of England at the diocese of Vacoas, Mauritius, have been liberally supported by Miss Burdett Coutts, who has placed £2,000 at Dr. Ryan's disposal for purposes of endowment, "on the condition of help being elicited from local sources."

The population of the island of Mauritius is a strange miscellaneous compound of various nations, European, African, and Asiatic. It consists of Chinese, Indians, Arabs, Mozambique rescued slaves, natives of Madagascar, French, and English. The only language in Mauritius which may be called native is a sort of corrupt French, with a very limited number of words, one expressive term being used "for all the shades of meaning which in the original have their own separate words." The Bishop gives a detailed narrative of the political and religious troubles which have agitated Madagascar for the last thirty years. The accounts of these events are translated from Malagasy documents or native records, and are now published, Dr. Ryan believes, for the first time in English. They are very curious, and painfully interesting. During his visit to Madagascar, our author had an audience of the King and Queen, to whom he presented the gift of a Bible sent by Queen Victoria, accompanying his donation with an appropriate address in English, which was interpreted to his Majesty by his chief secretary. The King seemed very fond of music, and Dr. Ryan heard his military band play "God Save the Queen," and afterwards listened to some very nice singing of English and native music, the latter of which seemed very charming. He also talked with the King about our last International Exhibition, in which his Majesty seemed profoundly interested, and longed very much to send to it some articles from his own country. "I gave," says the Bishop, "an account of the sympathy of the Queen with the sufferers from the Hartley colliery explosion, and the consolation which that sympathy had given to many poor widows and orphans. The King, who appears to have a very practical turn of mind, seemed much struck with this, and inquired particularly into the nature of the accident and the number of the sufferers. The Queen was also very attentive." Dr. Ryan's work is in many respects instructive and interesting, and is accompanied by six well-executed lithographs by Day & Sons, from designs by T. Picken.

#### THE BAR SINISTER.\*

THE heraldic significance of the title prefixed to this work conveys covertly a hint as to the nature of the story; while the object of the author is apparently to show the triumph of pure feeling and true affection over those conventional distinctions which society has nevertheless, for its own security, found it necessary to adopt, and over those antipathies which, in the abstract, are not wholly without just warrant. The story is conceived in a humane and Christian spirit, and, being imbued with that sentiment of charity which "thinketh no evil," is calculated to act beneficially upon the minds of those who peruse it. A bare outline of the narrative, which is simple and straightforward enough, is as follows:—

A young lady, Rachel Pryor—somewhat unduly given to coquetry, and rather too fond of exciting general admiration, but who has already an accepted suitor, Alfred Trelane, engaged, at the time the story opens, in his duties as a naval officer on a distant station—becomes the dupe of a designing Italian, employed by the father as a landscape gardener, and elopes with him to London, where they are privately married. Coming of age about the same time, she enters into possession, by virtue of her deceased mother's will, of a third share of thirty thousand pounds, left to be divided between herself and her two elder sisters; and this money, infatuated as she is with the scoundrel who betrays her, she incontinently places in his hands. After the lapse of a short time, this man, Francesco Salvi by name, having secured Rachel's fortune, makes a pretence of "urgent family affairs" which require his presence in Italy—in fact, deserts her, and has the effrontery to inform her by letter that he was already married in his own country before he had the pleasure of making Miss Pryor's acquaintance. She becomes ill, uneasy, restless; and for change of scene is recommended to go abroad. While preparations are being made with this object, Alfred Trelane, who had received warning from one of Rachel's sisters of the change in her sister's demeanour and affection, returns home; a painful interview takes place, in the course of which, and in answer to his expostulations, Rachel produces a wedding ring, which she then—for we have been led in some measure to anticipate the progress of events—believes to be the symbol of a valid and cherished contract. Alfred, afflicted beyond measure, refuses all comfort, quits England, and finally ends his sorrows and his life in an ill-fated exploring expedition among the Arctic snow. Rachel and her sister proceed abroad, and at Paris the former, having given birth to a daughter, dies broken-hearted. The child, Madeleine, is brought up by her eldest sister, who has none of her own, though married to a M. D'Elmar. This gentleman soon quits the scene,

leaving a handsome property to Madeleine, but in trust to his brother, whose consent to her marriage, when such an event shall take place, will be necessary; otherwise, his bequest will revert to the trustee as having a residuary interest in the estate. A lapse of eighteen years takes place. Alfred Trelane has a brother, many years his junior, who, having been at school in Boulogne, and subsequently served as an English officer in the Crimea, had made and renewed an acquaintance with a young French officer—this identical D'Elmar *frère*, of whom we have heard as trustee. The intimacy of the two friends improves before Sebastopol, and, though interrupted by the Indian mutiny, is renewed by a visit of young Trelane, who is home on sick-leave to Paris. Each is entirely ignorant of the existence of any human being in whom both could by possibility have any common interest. Accidentally, Trelane and Madeleine, who is now grown up, meet in the Park at Versailles. Afterwards, Trelane sees the young girl in one of the cemeteries near Paris, and again in one of the theatres. He is struck with her beauty, and is at a loss to account for the vivid but singular interest with which her presence inspires him. But we must not enter more into particulars. The quarrel between the friends; the motives and objects of D'Elmar in estranging Trelane and Madeleine from each other; the manner in which he causes herself and aunt to retreat into a distant province; the lover's pursuit; the reappearance of Salvi upon the scene; his deadly conflict with Trelane; the duel between the latter and D'Elmar; the complications effected by Lieutenant Franchet's proposals to Madeleine; the humours of the Carnival at Brussels, and the information there obtained, by means of which the final felicity of the long-tried but faithful lovers is effected—are all notable points in this well-told and entertaining story. The honourable character and conduct of the humane physician Le Bœuf, the fidelity and humour of his assistant Morlot, and the penitent end of Salvi, are features in the narrative of peculiar interest. The work is remarkable for minute analysis of motives and delicate delineation of character; for an intimate acquaintance with Continental life and habits, as well among provincials as among the inhabitants of the capital cities described; and for a just and happy discrimination of various national peculiarities, both amongst our neighbours and ourselves, sketched in a sarcastic but amusing spirit.

#### ESSAYS ON FICTION.\*

WE regret to learn, by a note to the preface to this volume, that, when the proof-sheets were nearly through the press, Mr. Senior was seized with so serious an illness as to prevent his giving the final touches to his work. However, it is added that he is now recovering, and in the meanwhile the book makes its appearance, and has seemingly not suffered much from the enforced and regrettable retirement of its author from active labour. The essays are reprinted from the *Quarterly*, *Edinburgh*, *London*, and *North British Reviews*, and range from the year 1821 to the year 1857. The subject of the first is Sir Walter Scott; of the second, Colonel Senior, author of "Charles Vernon" (we suppose a relative of the critic); of the third, Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton; of the fourth, Mr. Thackeray; and of the fifth and last, Mrs. Beecher Stowe. The essay on Sir Walter Scott is a combination of several articles on his various novels, written from time to time; and it is curious to read the current criticism of the day on tales which have now been standard works for years, published when those works were fresh from the press. Otherwise, we do not see much in the article to warrant its reproduction. It is a good average review, sensible and well written, but not brilliant or profound. The criticism on Bulwer is of a higher kind, composed at a much later day, and showing evidences of a more matured and thoughtful mind. The observations on the faint, sickly idealisms in which the author of "Zanoni" is fond of indulging are excellent, and effectually dispose of the false principles of art on which the novelist often works. The estimate of Thackeray is also, we think, a very fair one, and we hardly see the necessity for the somewhat apologetic tone adopted by the writer of the note to the preface, who says:—

"To ears in which the sound of the last strokes of the funeral knell still lingers, this criticism will probably seem severe; but when the article first appeared, Mr. Thackeray, with the generous cordiality for which he was so remarkable, expressed his entire approval. No doubt he thought that the impartial judgment and diligent study which it evinced were a more precious tribute to his temper and genius than the indiscriminate flattery too often lavished upon authors by their friends."

The criticism on the great humourist does indeed contain certain objections; but it is also full of hearty admiration,—even of enthusiasm,—and seems to have been written with no other desire than to tell the complete truth. The most interesting article in the volume is the one on Mrs. Stowe, which includes an account—very curious at the present time—of the condition of the slaves in the Southern States of America, and of the excitement at the North upon the election of Mr. Buchanan in 1856, when some of the abolitionists threatened to secede, as the South has now done in consequence of the election of Mr. Lincoln. The following remarks by Mr. Senior, written in 1857, are noteworthy, read by the light of subsequent events:—

"We own our inability to prophesy, or even to conjecture, what ten years hence, or even five years hence, will be the condition of the

\* *The Bar Sinister*. A Tale. By Charles Allston Collins, Author of "A Cruise Upon Wheels," &c. Two vols. London: Smith, Elder, & Co.

\* *Essays on Fiction*. By Nassau W. Senior. London: Longman & Co.



States and territories now constituting the Union. The forces that keep them together are enormous. There is national vanity, the pride of forming an empire already a match for any existing Power, soon to become superior to any single rival, and likely within the lives of our younger readers to dictate to the whole world, civilized and uncivilized. In fifty years the Union, if it shall subsist, will contain one hundred millions of the richest and the most energetic population that has ever formed one body politic. It seems at first sight impossible that any arguments or any combination of arguments should induce men to reject such a destiny. But nations are governed less by reason than by passion, and on the side of disunion are arrayed the strongest passions of human nature—resentment, hatred, fear, the recollection of past injuries, treacheries, and insults, and the anticipation of future ones; a belief on the part of the South that the North is resolved to destroy an institution on the permanence of which the fortune and even the life of every planter depends; a belief on the part of the North that that institution is a national sin, endangering in another world the prospects of all its abettors, and in this world distorting the policy, injuring the prosperity, and disgracing the character of the nation. . . .

"Every election approaches nearer and nearer to a civil war. Before every election the threats of the party that fears disappointment are louder and louder. Will they ever be executed? If Colonel Fremont had succeeded last December, as but for the intervention of a third candidate he must have done, would the South have submitted in impotent rage? If, as probably will be the case, he should succeed four years hence, will she then submit?"

"We will not venture to answer any of these questions. But it does appear to us that a bond which every four years is on the point of separating, must eventually snap."

#### POEMS, ENGLISH AND GERMAN.\*

MR. BLUMBERG'S little volume presents the singular appearance of being composed half in English verse and half in German. The author's vein is partly serious, partly comic; now hilarious, now melancholy. We have hymns, odes, epigrams, acrostics, songs and sonnets, madrigals, pastorals, and valentines. The author is very hearty in his encouragement of the Federals in their attempt to subdue the men of the South, and very severe in his ridicule of certain peccant members of the medical profession, to whom he administers repeated doses of epigrammatic sarcasm. The subjoined may be taken as a fair sample of his composition:—

"We met among flowers,  
We part amid snow;  
Exchanging glad hours  
For long days of woe;  
Our senses were aching,  
For bright was the gleam,  
But bitter the waking  
From happiness' dream.  
  
Farewell! and for ever,  
In silence we part;  
'Tis a fruitless endeavour  
To rouse a dead heart;  
Sweet words we had spoken  
Are recalled, but in vain;  
Love's chain when once broken  
Is ne'er mended again."

If any of our readers are disposed, after this specimen, to go to the volume itself, they will find much more of the same quality.

#### THE QUARTERLIES.

HEAVINESS has of late years been rather a characteristic of the *Edinburgh Review*, and the number just issued is not an exception to the rule. Still, it contains some sterling and interesting articles. Decidedly the most amusing, though not the best in a literary point of view, is the first—"Diaries of a Lady of Quality," a critical analysis, by anticipation, of a book to be published shortly. This work is a selection from the diaries and common-place books of the late Miss Williams Wynn, daughter of Sir Watkin Williams Wynn (the fourth baronet) and of Lady Charlotte Grenville, daughter of the celebrated George Grenville, Prime Minister of George III., and of the Countess Temple. Miss Wynn being connected with some of the highest and most influential families of England, and a lady of great observation and natural quickness, had both the opportunity and the capacity for noting many curious anecdotes of eminent persons during her long life, which terminated, at nearly eighty years of age, in 1857. Her introduction to society took place in the revolutionary days towards the close of last century; and from about that time to a late period she kept a diary and common-place book of all that struck her. From these entries has been made the selection of which the *Edinburgh Review* gives an analysis. The article is very little more than an array of extracts from the book, and has hardly weight or dignity sufficient for the first place in the number; but when we add that the work, to the sheets of which the reviewer has "been indulged with access," is to be issued by the Messrs. Longman, the publishers of the *Edinburgh Review*, the fact is sufficiently explained. However, the anecdotes quoted are very amusing, and have reference to some of the most remarkable men of the present century. Some passages are cited, tending to fix on Earl Temple the authorship of "Junius;" but these are too long for repetition in this place. We must, however, find room for an extremely touching anecdote of

\* Poems, English and German. By Henry Blumberg. London: Williams & Norgate.

George III. during his first attack of insanity. It was related to Miss Wynn's mother by the Dowager Queen of Wirtemberg, eldest daughter of the unfortunate monarch:—

"The Queen spoke much of her father, of his recovery from his first illness; mentioned the story one has often heard of his wish to read 'King Lear,' which the doctors refused him, and which he got in spite of them by asking for Colman's works, in which he knew he should find the play as altered by him for the stage. This I had often heard, but the affecting sequel was quite new to me, and fatiguing as the visits to Louisbourg are, I wished I had been there to have heard it from the Queen's own mouth. When the three elder princesses went in to the King, he told them what he had been reading. He said, 'It is very beautiful, very affecting, and very awful;' adding, 'I am like poor Lear; but, thank God, I have no Regan, no Goneril, but three Cordelias.' The Queen wept in relating this, and my mother says she felt as if she could have done the same."

"The History of Highways" is an interesting account of the formation and preservation of roads, both in ancient and modern times, from which the unknowing reader will learn with surprise in how barbarous a condition we remained in this respect down to a very recent period; nay, how imperfect is the repair of our highways even at the present day, and how much we have still to adopt from the old Romans. The writer approves of the tendency of the Highway District Act of 1862, but thinks it "a timid measure," and wishes to see a further advance in the same direction, to the extent of entrusting the management of roads "to boards representing the interests of a union of parishes, authorized to raise funds for the common weal, but responsible to their constituents for the expenditure incurred." The following passage about some of our ancient highways is curious:—

"A stranger observing the perplexing want of system, and the frequently inconvenient course of English country roads, might suppose that they had been laid out, as Washington Irving, in his 'Knickerbocker's History of New York,' relates of the streets of that city, by pigs roaming about in quest of food. Our highways were, in fact, originally tracks struck out by travellers, by the drivers of pack-horses, or perhaps by the horses themselves making their way as they best could from point to point. They made long circuits to reach fords or spots where they could cross insignificant brooks; where there was high ground they chose it to escape the bogs of the plain or of the valley; every obstacle, even the slightest, a tree or a stone, caused them to deviate from the straight course; when a track became by any accident obstructed, it was usually easier to make a new passage than to clear or improve the former one. The rough and ready legislation of the Saxon invaders shows the condition of things in their time. One of their old laws enjoins, that 'highways be broad enough for two waggons to pass each other, leaving room for the drivers to ply their whips freely, and for sixteen soldiers to ride in harness abreast;' provisions eminently suggestive of the miriness of the roads and of the purpose for which they were required. Nothing, however, so much shows the decay of the roads and other means of communication bequeathed by the Romans to our British forefathers, as the necessity of supernatural aid under which we find saints, and other persons of distinguished piety, labouring when on their journeys. Thus, in the year 685, certain of his flock conveying the body of Bishop Erkenwald from the Abbey of Barking, by what less than 300 years before had been a safe and convenient highway from Essex to London, found no means of crossing the Lea, and were only relieved from their embarrassment by a miracle opportunely vouchsafed. Of course, less favoured individuals, journeying for the mere sake of pleasure or of worldly business, must in similar cases have been altogether arrested in their progress, or exposed to serious difficulty and even danger. Many years later, several of the attendants of Maud, Queen of Henry I., were drowned at the same passage of the Lea, then known as Old Ford, while her Majesty herself was, to use Stow's expression, 'well washed in the water.' Thereupon she 'caused,' says the same writer, 'two stone bridges to be builded, of the which one was situated over Lue, at the head of the town of Stratford, now called Bow, because the bridge was arched like a bow; a rare piece of work; for before that time the like had never been seen in England.'"

The essay on "The Basque Country," based on two French works, might surely have been rendered more entertaining and valuable, considering the singular character of the unique mountain people inhabiting the gorges of the Pyrenees—a remnant of the aboriginal Iberian race, to this day speaking a language distinct from all other dialects of Europe. "Human Sacrifices and Infanticide in India" contains a careful account of the progress made of late years by the British Government in the suppression of those cruel forms of superstition for which the natives of our Eastern Empire are disgracefully famous. The narration is encouraging, and shows how much may be done by a vigorous policy and energetic officers. This is followed by an article on Charles Victor de Bonstetten, a member of an old patrician family at Berne, who, at the close of the last and commencement of the present century, attained some distinction in his native canton as a statesman and author, but who is now chiefly known as a man of amiable mind and cultivated intellect, who formed attached friendships with many of the greatest men of Europe, and who was in himself a singular link between two totally distinct ages. Bonstetten was born in 1746, and survived till 1832. In his youth he visited England, and excited the warm regard of Gray, then near his death; and in his later years he knew Shelley and Byron, Lord Brougham and Lord Lansdowne, Hobhouse, and other famous Englishmen who visited the Continent after the peace of 1815. "His boyish visits," says the reviewer, who himself had the advantage of knowing the veteran at the close of his life, "were to Ferney, then the residence of Voltaire; his first enthusiasm was for the theories of Rousseau. Gibbon was the historian, Gray the classical poet, of his youth; but his last hours were occupied by Victor Hugo's impassioned pages, and he was led by Lamartine to linger in thought by the tideless margin of the gulf of

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Baile." An article on "British North America" gives an extremely interesting account, compiled from recent authorities, of our possessions on the American continent, more especially of the vast, grand, but little-known region formerly belonging to the Hudson's Bay Company. The longest and perhaps the most important article in the number is the one on "Rifled Ordnance in England and France," evidently the production of a writer who has attentively studied the subject. In some respects the preference is given to the achievements of our neighbours in this branch of warlike science. Mr. Kirk's "Life of Charles the Bold" is reviewed in the last article but one; and the number winds up with a criticism on the theological system of M. Rénan, in which the ideas of that gentleman are earnestly opposed.

The *Quarterly Review* is late in making its appearance. It does not come out till the close of next week.

The *National Review* contains a long, learned, but rather dry article on "The Apocalypse of St. John," arguing that "the time for founding speculations about the end of the world and its final catastrophe on the Book of Revelation is past, because enlightened criticism has put to flight the dreams of designing or ignorant men respecting the destinies of nations and the future of the Church, avowedly based on unfulfilled prophecy." This is followed by a pleasant critical analysis of Mendelssohn's Letters, with remarks on music generally, and its metaphysical, as well as physical, effects on the listener. "The Provincial Assemblies of France" is a very interesting sketch of those local Parliaments which were at one time an important feature of French political life,—which M. de Lavergne, the author of the book reviewed, thinks might have been so developed as to render the great Revolution of last century unnecessary,—but which his critic contends were inadequate to the accomplishment of such a work. An essay on Ireland gives a hopeful picture of the progress of the country during the last twenty years. This progress, according to the writer, is owing to "the exodus of superfluous Irishmen, the influx of needed British capital, and the gradual substitution of a more appropriate agriculture;" and he adds that "the measures yet wanted to carry forward and complete the regeneration are the establishment of a more efficient organization for the detection and the punishment of crime, the payment of the Roman Catholic clergy out of those State funds which are mainly contributed by Roman Catholic tax-payers, the continued emigration of Celts, the proportionate immigration of Saxons and Scots, and, if possible, an amalgamation by intermarriage of the several races." Charles the Bold forms the subject of an historical article; ethnologists are provided with a treatise on "The Races of the Old World," and politicians with an essay on "The Germanic Diet," written with a view to showing that the union of the German States into one great Teutonic Power is not only possible, but probable, and that we have taken the wrong side in identifying ourselves with the Danes against the Schleswig-Holsteiners. "Sterne and Thackeray" consists of a comparison between those satirists, enumerating their points of similarity and dissimilarity, but not devoting as much space to the latter as we think ought to have been spared. The number concludes with an article on a cognate topic to that with which it commences, which is surely a mistake. The "Early History of Messianic Ideas" is the title of the final essay, the tendency of which is in accordance with the somewhat rationalistic tone in theology for which this Review is noted.

The *Dublin Review* opens with an article on "The 'Union' Movement,"—the movement, that is, on the part of certain members of the Church of England to engraft on that Church the doctrines of Roman Catholicism, without acknowledging the headship of the Pope; an attempt which this organ of Papal opinions, of course, regards as utterly futile, as indeed it is. "Father Mathew" is a eulogistic account of the labours of the great apostle of temperance, based on the life of him by Mr. Maguire, M.P. The writer believes that, although the enthusiasm begotten by the preacher's impassioned earnestness has passed away with his life, a large residuum of good remains in the shape of increased sobriety. In "Slavery and the War in America" we have an able exposition of the present state of the black race in the transatlantic republic, in which the reviewer, while expressing a hope that the North will not succeed in subjugating the South, and while doing justice to the gallantry of the Secessionists, and pointing out the faults and errors of the Federals, calls attention to the great progress which has been made towards putting an end to slavery, and regrets that the English public, owing to not unnatural causes, have been led into a seeming indifference to negro bondage, and to an undue enthusiasm for the South. "The Laureate and his School" is a critical estimate of Mr. Tennyson's genius. The poet's works are regarded as genuine products of the age—artificial, affected at times, refined to the last degree of elaborate polish, yet full of beauty, dignity, and sweetness, and not devoid of elements in common with Shakespeare, Milton, and Homer. Rénan's "Vie de Jésus" is subjected to a searching, and we need not say a hostile, criticism; and "The Santiago Catastrophe and its Critics" is a vindication of the ecclesiastics of the ill-fated cathedral from the charge of heartless selfishness which has been brought against them. The "Essays and Miscellaneous Papers" which conclude the number contain an article on "Spiritualism," the manifestations of which the writer attributes to diabolical agency; and another on "Science and the Mystery of the Blessed Eucharist," more interesting to Roman Catholics than to Protestants.

#### SHORT NOTICES.

*The Steady Aim. A Book of Examples and Encouragements from Modern Biography.* By W. H. Davenport Adams (Hogg & Sons).—Regarding with dissatisfaction the tendency of modern education to impart only a general smattering on a great variety of subjects, and to leave our youth, when they enter the world, without positive predilection or capacity for any one pursuit, Mr. Adams has here briefly related the lives of several great men who have become famous by

fixing their genius and energy in a given direction, and thus compelling success by concentrated industry and force of will. He tells the story of Watt, Stephenson, Palissy, Wedgwood, Arkwright, Smeaton, Telford, Rennie, Lord Dundonald, Lord Clive, Captain Cook, Flaxman, Barry, Wilson, Wilkie, West, Sir Humphrey Davy, and a good many others. When we find all these instances crammed into one volume, and that not a large one, we fear that Mr. Adams lays himself open to the very charge he brings against modern education—that of encouraging a superficial breadth of knowledge at the expense of a more contracted depth; and we might even go further, and ask whether the author has himself studied with the intense profundity which he desiderates all the questions of art, science, military science, seamanship, politics, trade, authorship, &c., which are involved in the vast field of biography over which he seeks to guide his young readers. We do not care to press these points, however, because the volume is, after all, a very amusing and proper one for boys, though rather at war with its own purpose. The leading idea is not at all new. It was worked out more than thirty years ago—and admirably worked out—by Mr. Craik in his "Pursuit of Knowledge under Difficulties," where most of Mr. Adams's examples are to be found. Mr. Smiles's "Self-Help," moreover, had a similar purport and scheme. Nevertheless, the work before us will doubtless be a favourite in many homes; though, for ourselves, we should have been better satisfied had the compiler refrained from laying any claim to being a reformer in education—a task for which the calibre of his mind evidently does not suit him.

*Worth her Weight in Gold.* (Macintosh.)—In a gaudy magenta and gold cover, we have here a story of a faithful servant, who did all sorts of good things in the house where she was, and, having reformed her lover of his drinking habits, married him, to the great satisfaction of all parties. On the evening before this virtuous maiden leaves her service, her master and "Miss Amelia" make her a present of a set of tea-things, with silver spoons complete, not unreasonably supposing that she "will want to make some tea now and then." Furthermore, "Mrs. Petworth also presented her with a handsome Bible, adding, with great earnestness, 'I give you this, Maria, as a token of my esteem: I need not tell you, that a good servant is WORTH HER WEIGHT IN GOLD.'" With which neat little "tag," cleverly introducing the title of the book, after the manner of farces at the theatre, the story concludes. We have no doubt it is all very well meant; but this kind of excessively self-conscious virtue, with a background of substantial rewards for being good, is more likely, we fear, to develope prigs than really excellent human beings.

*The Christian Code, contained in the Scriptures.* By Sinceritas (Jarrod & Sons).—The author of this volume has collected under separate heads a large number of passages from the Old and New Testaments, so as to give in a compact form a complete view of the religious and moral code of the Bible. The collection is divided into five parts, respectively headed "The Nature and Perfections of God," "Christian Doctrine," "Sins and Shortcomings of Various Kinds and Degrees," "Sins to which the World especially tempts," and "Sins against our Neighbour." These grand divisions are subdivided into various heads; and the whole work is provided with a comprehensive index. Even to those who know the Bible well, such a book has a value; while those who have as yet refrained from studying the Scriptures may be thus induced to read them through.

*Evening Thoughts.* By a Physician (Van Voorst).—A third edition of this work has been issued. The book treats of a large number of subjects connected with psychology, morality, and religion, and exhibits a good deal of quiet thoughtfulness and knowledge. Being now for the third time before the public, it would be superfluous on our parts to subject it to any critical examination.

*The Complete Works of William Shakespeare.* From the Text of Johnson, Steevens, and Reed. (Edinburgh: W. P. Nimmo.)—The whole of Shakespeare's writings, including the poems, have been published by Mr. Nimmo, in one thick volume, containing 715 pages, printed in small type and in double columns. The plays are preceded by a biographical sketch from the pen of Mary Cowden Clarke. An index to the characters in the plays, a glossary, and other accompanying matter, have been provided; a portrait and a few tail-pieces are introduced; and the publisher vouches for the accuracy of the text. This last, however, is a matter which we have no time to test by close examination, and must, therefore, leave it in the hands of those who purchase the edition.

*The Baptist Magazine,* for April (Pewtress, Brothers), contains articles on "The Ruins of Chaldea—their Testimony to the Bible," "Jewish Purification, as explaining some difficult Passages of Scripture," "The Increase of Roman Catholicism in England," "Spiritual Destitution in and around London," and other subjects of interest to the religious world.

*Every Month* is the title of a new magazine issued at Liverpool, at the low price of twopence. It contains some articles of creditable ability; but we should recommend the Editor to omit for the future the stupid "imaginary confabulation"—a mere heap of bad puns and vulgarity—given under the title of "Last Month."

The April number of the *Assurance Magazine* is before us. It opens with two papers by James Meikle, of the Scottish Provident Institution, "On the Value of a Policy," and "Determination and Distribution of Profit," both read before the Institute of Actuaries, of which this Magazine is the journal, and ordered to be printed in abstract. Mr. Samuel Browne, the Vice-President, supplies a very carefully-written article on the "Metric System of Weights and Measures," in which he examines the proposal for its general adoption; while Mr. Richard Morrison writes on the "Principles of Marine Insurance." Professor De Morgan presents a further instalment of his "Budget of Paradoxes." The anecdotes are of special interest, and the manner of telling them very amusing.

Mr. Bohn has published the fourth and last volume of his cheap edition of the *Life and Letters of Washington Irving*, by his nephew,



Pierre E. Irving. A copious general index accompanies the work, which may now be obtained for 8s.; and full of interest and amusement it is.

We have received a copy of the new edition of Mr. Matthew Henry Feilde's Paper read at the Social Science Congress before Lord Brougham, *On the Adoption of the Public Library and News Room Act, 1855, for the City of London* (Pearson & Son), with a preface much longer than the treatise, touching on some of the chief topics of the day.

#### THE SHAKESPEARE TERCENTENARY.

MR. FECHTER has replied to the circular from the Stratford Committee, to which we alluded last week, and we are bound to say has put that different face on the matter which we anticipated as not improbable. We regret to find that Mr. Fechter is in so bad a state of health, owing to his recent accident, and to the worry consequent on this very affair, that he is unable to write himself; but his Acting Manager, Mr. Barnett, has issued a statement, from which, we think, it results that the Committee have put themselves in a false position. As the facts stood, on the showing of the Stratford gentlemen, it did certainly look as if the famous French-German-English actor had behaved with irritable precipitation; but his last statement is a complete vindication of his conduct from any such charge. Passing over the minor points in the earlier parts of Mr. Barnett's letter, which have reference to Mr. Fechter's expenditure of money from his own pocket on the production of "Hamlet" at Stratford-on-Avon, and the degree in which he was consulted as to the arrangement of the scenery and effects, we come to the reasons which induced him to withdraw from the performance. It will be recollected that on the 21st of January Mr. Phelps addressed a letter to the Rev. Mr. Bellew, then secretary to the Stratford Committee, declaring that he had been insulted in not having had the first offer of the part of Hamlet. On the 2nd of March, the Committee dismissed Mr. Bellew from his post, and Mr. Flower, the Mayor, who proposed the resolution to that effect, wrote a letter to the reverend gentleman, observing that the evil resulting from this "affront" to Mr. Phelps, for which he was responsible, and which had excited the enmity of that artist, "far more than outbalanced any advantages that could accrue from the most zealous advocacy" of himself "or any other person." Mr. Fechter was for some time unaware of this letter having been written; but as soon as it came to his knowledge he felt it due to his own honour and self-respect to retire from any participation in the Stratford Festival. Undoubtedly, by the resolution and the letter in question, Mr. Flower and the Committee generally adopted and ratified Mr. Phelps's opinion that he had been insulted; and the only insult complained of was the offer of the part of Hamlet to the manager of the Lyceum, before the ex-manager of Sadler's Wells had had the refusal of it. The committee in effect declared that Mr. Phelps has superior claims to Mr. Fechter, and that the latter, by the blunder of a functionary who on that account was dismissed, had received an honour to which he was not entitled. It was clearly impossible for Mr. Fechter to accept such a position. However great Mr. Phelps's claims, as an Englishman, and as an actor of long and most deserved repute—and we ourselves think that the first offer ought to have been his—the die had been cast, and, the part having been proposed to and accepted by Mr. Fechter, the Committee should certainly have refrained from throwing reflections on him, whether direct or indirect. We think it would have been better for his own sake if Mr. Fechter had stated these facts at first, instead of using the ambiguous and rather petulant language which we quoted last week; but this cannot affect our judgment on the case.

Another point is alluded to in Mr. Barnett's letter. The Committee allege that they "are driven to the necessity of offering to those who have already taken tickets for the performance of 'Hamlet,' a return of their money, or an exchange of tickets for other entertainments." On this, Mr. Barnett observes:—"It is impossible to understand how this can be, since Mr. Fechter's determination not to play was made known to the Committee before the definitive programme was issued." This, however, has been since denied by the Committee. It appears furthermore from Mr. Barnett's letter that, on the evening of the 4th of April, the Rev. G. J. Granville, vicar of Stratford-on-Avon, and chairman of the Committee in that town, called on Mr. Fechter, and sat talking with him till past midnight, in the endeavour to induce him to change his resolution; but, as we know, in vain.

The way in which the Committee, by their present honorary secretary, Dr. Henry Kingsley, meet the statements with respect to Mr. Fechter's motives for withdrawing, is, we must say, very evasive. They write:—"It is stated that on the 2nd of March Mr. Bellew was 'dismissed' from 'office,' and that 'Mr. E. F. Flower, the proposer of the resolution to that effect, at the same time wrote to him a letter imputing to him responsibility for the affront offered to Mr. Phelps, and adding that the evil springing from having incurred the enmity of that artist far more than outbalanced any advantages that could accrue to the Committee from the most zealous advocacy of himself or any other person.' It would seem, then, that Mr. Fechter appropriates to himself most mistakenly the impersonation of the imaginary 'other person.' Now, the letter from whence these expressions were cited was one addressed by Mr. Flower to Mr. Bellew, in answer to an apology tendered by Mr. Bellew to Mr. Flower for a false charge preferred by him against Mr. Flower; and the plain purport of the passage is that nothing that Mr. Bellew could say, or any other skillful advocate advance, could make the Committee amend for the loss of the services of Mr. Phelps and Mr. Webster. What has all that to do with Mr. Fechter?" Clearly it has everything to do with him, since it implies a reflection on his position as an artist; and when the honorary secretary says that "Mr. Fechter appropriates to himself most mistakenly the impersonation of the imaginary 'other person,'" he obviously misapprehends the whole case. The explanation is in fact no explanation at all. The Committee threaten to publish the whole correspondence between Mr. Bellew and Mr. Fechter after the festival, if it should be thought necessary. We trust they will be

better advised. The Tercentenary has developed brawls and incapacity enough already. For heaven's sake, let its unhappy memory rest in peace, when its feeble but noisy little life shall have passed away.

The Paris Committee, unlike their contemporary bodies, seem to be getting on smoothly and prosperously. A banquet is to be given, at which Englishmen, Americans, and Frenchmen will attend; and it is reported that some of the French *littérati* are taking up the matter very warmly.

It is intended by the Stratford Committee to exhibit in the Town Hall, during the Festival, a collection of Shakespeare portraits, and of pictures representing eminent actors in the chief characters of the poet's plays. Many of these works will be lent for the occasion by the nobility and gentry; and we are glad to see that the Queen has been pleased to permit Sir Thomas Lawrence's celebrated painting of John Kemble in the part of Hamlet, which is the property of her Majesty, to be exhibited. Sir C. B. Phipps, in notifying the fact to the Mayor of Stratford, states that "the Queen has been obliged for some time past to decline to accede to the numerous applications made to her Majesty for the loan of pictures from the Royal galleries," as they are found to suffer from "the dirt which no care can prevent accumulating on their surface;" but that "the Queen has been graciously pleased to consider this very remarkable occasion as one in favour of which an exception may be made." We may add that we are quite sure her Majesty will have no reason to regret her liberality.

Mdlle. Titiens has withdrawn from the Stratford Festival; Mrs. Keeley is forbidden to appear by her medical men; and the chief attraction, it seems, will be Mr. Sothern as "Bunkum Muller"—a piece in which Shakespeare is made the subject of a good deal of vulgar "chaff," and is addressed as "Bill"! The very genius of Stupidity could not have hit upon a less appropriate performance.

#### DR. BUCHHEIM ON THE HISTORY OF EDUCATION.

A HIGHLY interesting lecture was delivered on Wednesday evening by Dr. Buchheim, Professor of German at King's College, at the College of Preceptors, 42, Queen-square. The subject was the History of Education. This Dr. Buchheim dealt with in the first place historically, and extended his range over the immense area of European and Asiatic civilization. He interspersed his account with such illustrations of the several methods of education as were both suggestive and amusing. He established a broad distinction between education and instruction. He maintained that the basis and object of all education is the primary cultivation of the mind of the student, together with the judicious and successive acquisition of facts and "specific" knowledge. The lecture, which was frequently interrupted by applause, elicited an important discussion, in which the Rev. Dr. Wilson and Dr. Leitner, amongst others, took part.

Dr. Buchheim's views were favourably commented upon by the several speakers. Dr. Heimann, Professor of German at University College, occupied the chair.

#### MESSRS. CASSELL'S STRATFORD GUIDE-BOOK.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "LONDON REVIEW."

SIR,—Will you kindly permit us to correct an error which appeared in your "Literary Gossip" last week?

Referring to the Shakespearean celebration, you say that a "specimen" advertisement was inserted in the wrapper of our "Guide-book to the forthcoming Stratford Celebration." The advertisement referred to was not, however, inserted in any wrapper or publication. We did issue a *private* circular to the trade, soliciting announcements of books, &c., connected with Shakespeare for insertion in the "official programme," and the advertisement quoted by you was given in that circular merely as a specimen of the manner in which such announcements would be printed. By a strange coincidence, in putting down an ideal specimen at random, we chanced upon a correct name and address, and we cannot imagine that any one reading the circular could have supposed it to be other than what it professed to be, merely a specimen of style.

It is scarcely necessary to add, that there was no "sell" intended or achieved.

We are, Sir, your obedient servants,

La Belle Sauvage-yard,  
Ludgate-hill, E.C., April 12.

CASSELL, PETER, & GALPIN.

#### LITERARY GOSSIP.

A FORTNIGHT ago, we alluded to some errors in the photolithographic facsimile of the "first folio Shakespeare," now in course of publication. We especially instanced the substitution of *care* for *care* in the second page, the incorrect rendering of "Mara" (for "Mira"), and the substitution of a full stop for a colon in the third line of Digges's memorial verses. Last week, we inserted a note from Mr. Staunton defending these inaccuracies, and asserting that they are all to be met with in the original. Since then, we have again compared the facsimile with the edition of 1623; and our first impression is strengthened by the second examination. Of the fine lines and curves of the battered letters used by Iaggard and Blount in 1623 the photo-lithographic facsimile gives but an imperfect reproduction; the general semblance is admirable, but the nicer points, the *minutiae*, if we may so speak, of each page cannot, with any regard to truth, be styled "a miracle of accuracy that will rejoice the hearts of all true Shakespearians." We propose next week to lay before our readers the result of a careful examination of the new facsimile, and of ten copies of the first folio Shakespeare that have been kindly placed at our service.



Every person who read in the morning papers the other day that the tree planted by General Garibaldi in the garden of the Poet Laureate had been mutilated—in fact, destroyed—by certain mad curiosity-seekers, must have felt indignant at the outrage. Mr. Tennyson, it is said, is continually exposed to the indecent intrusion of tourists and others. Strangers are found from time to time seated in his garden, peering in at his windows, and wandering freely through his grounds. From the lawn in front, when conversing with his family in assumed privacy, he has, on casually looking up, discovered an enterprising British tourist taking mental notes of his conversation from the branches of a tree above. Mr. Tennyson selected the neighbourhood of Freshwater for two reasons—its wild beauty, and its remoteness from the railway whistle, excursion steamboats, and cheap omnibuses; but he has, according to recent accounts, been compelled to make fences, raise embankments, train foliage, and in fact half-fortify his house to keep off the crowd, and in spite of all is not permitted to enjoy the quiet and freedom of a country home.

Another story is to be added to the "O'Hara Tales." Mr. Michael Banim is said to be busy with his new fiction—on an Irish subject, of course.

The old Pierce Egan literature of the days of George IV. is appearing in Paternoster-row again. Mr. Tallis issues weekly his "Illustrated Life in London," and now "The Real Life in London" is announced for immediate publication. This is not a good sign.

As an instance of the strange petitions some persons think proper to present to the French Senate, the *Journal du Havre* states that a person named Gagne, the author of the "Unitéide," a humanitarian poem, has just sent in one, praying that all existing newspapers may be suppressed and replaced by a single journal, the director of which shall assume the title of "Minister of the Press."

Mr. Scott Russell's great work on Naval Architecture will be ready in May. The price before the day of publication will be thirty guineas; after that date, forty guineas.

A Paris letter, speaking of the last Dumas sensation, says:—"The run which the younger Dumas' last play has had at the Gymnase is as great as ever. Neither Sue, Balzac, nor Dumas the Elder, has ever penned anything so utterly cynical and indecent; and I dare say that the note-book of an observant *juge d'instruction* would not contain so many things that should be buried out of sight, and not allowed to pollute the moral atmosphere of a city which exercises a great influence over the manners and customs of the rest of Europe. All the unmentionably base scenes of this piece are rendered attractive by the continued firework of epigram, and by the keen allusions by means of which revelations are made, which, in a less covert form, would not be tolerated even on the Boulevard du Crime. The 'Ami des Femmes' is not written with the object of making virtue ridiculous. It simply aims at drawing a full house by exciting the purient fancies of those who cultivate the *demi-monde* society, and the *esprit* of a more respectable class of men and women."

"The Wedding at Windsor," by W. H. Russell, LL.D., illustrated by Robert Dudley, will be ready early in April. It will form a very handsome folio volume, and will contain more than forty plates in chromo-lithography, many wood engravings, and about 120 pages of text.

The very curious collection of books and tracts relating almost entirely to the history and topography of London, formed by the late Edward Tyrrell, Esq., City Remembrancer, which was sold last week by the Messrs. Sotheby, contained some items of unusual interest. Amongst these was an original copy of the interesting little "London Directory" of 1677, the first list of London merchants ever printed. It was purchased by a Mr. Jackson, for the sum of £22. 15s., although its original price was in all probability only a few pence. This little volume, notwithstanding its historical value, was comparatively unknown until the late reprint made its appearance.

A curious sale by tender will be decided in Berlin on the 20th inst. A Berlin letter in the *Rhine Gazette* states that a silver plate which formed part of the campaign service of Napoleon I., and was picked up on the Genap road on the 18th of June, 1815, has just been sent to the Prussian Minister of War, to be sold for the benefit of the troops wounded in Schleswig-Holstein. The plate bears the arms of Napoleon, and weighs about half a pound. This object having a great historical interest, the Minister of War has offered it for sale by tender, the offers to be made in sealed envelopes sent in before the 30th of April. These will be opened at eleven in the morning of that date, when the plate will be adjudged to the person by whom the highest offer is made.

Of the "Grammar of Ornament," by Owen Jones, a new and cheaper edition is now in course of preparation, and in every respect it will be a reproduction, on a smaller scale, of the original folio work, which is now out of print. It is intended to publish this edition in parts, each part to contain four plates, with text. There will be twenty-eight parts in all, published fortnightly. Part I. will appear May 1st. It is intended to publish the perfect volume, in advance of the completion of the entire issue in parts, in July or August. This will contain 112 plates, the full text, and all the wood engravings. It is the object of the publishers, they inform us, to bring this cheap re-issue within the means of all connected with those professions and manufactures where decorative or ornamental art is employed. The work will be invaluable to all who practise the beautiful art of illuminating.

It is certain that Dr. J. H. Newman, of the Oratory, Birmingham, is preparing an answer to Professor Kingsley's pamphlet.

Victor Hugo's new work on Shakespeare has just been published in Paris. A daily contemporary states that "the *Temps* characterises the book as the most remarkable homage to Shakespeare which the coming anniversary has called forth." Other French newspapers give long extracts from it, and write with an evident interest in the festival over which we are now bungling and quarrelling so lamentably.

The private secretary of Lord Carlisle, Mr. Walter Croyke, has made an adaptation of a French play, called "Maxime," which adaptation has recently been played at the Garrison Amateur Theatricals at Dublin with great success.

The number of applications for tickets for the approaching annual dinner of the Royal Literary Fund has been so great, in consequence of the promised presence of the Prince of Wales in the chair, that Mr. Octavian Blowitt, the secretary, has addressed a letter to the members, informing them that no tickets will be issued except to stewards, officers, and members; that no ticket will be received at the door unless countersigned by the member to whom it has been issued; and that application for tickets must be made before the 30th of April.

The following valuable and important works are in preparation for the OXFORD CLARENDON PRESS:—"A Short History of England down to the Reformation. By Goldwin Smith, M.A., Regius Professor of Modern History." "The Works of George Berkeley, D.D., formerly Bishop of Cloyne. Collected and Edited, from published and unpublished sources, with Prefaces, Notes, Dissertations, and an Account of his Life and Philosophy, by Alexander Fraser, M.A., Professor of Logic and Metaphysics in the University of Edinburgh. To which is added, a Journal of a Tour in Italy, a Charge, and Sermons. By Bishop Berkeley. Now for the first time published with Notes and new biographical particulars, by Henry John Rose, B.D., Rector of Houghton Conquest, in 4 vols." "The Works of Geoffrey Chaucer. A New Edition, carefully collated with the MSS. and subsequent editions. Edited by the Rev. J. Earle, M.A., late Professor of Anglo-Saxon; assisted by Eminent Scholars." This work will be issued in handsomely printed volumes. "A Dictionary of the Anglo-Saxon Language. Containing the Accentuation, the Grammatical Inflections, the Irregular Words referred to their Themes, the Parallel Terms from the other Gothic Languages, and, where possible, their Derivation traced to the Sanscrit or other Oriental source, the Meaning of the Anglo-Saxon in English and Latin, and copious English and Latin Indexes, serving as a Dictionary of English and Anglo-Saxon, as well as of Latin and Anglo-Saxon. With a Preface on the Origin and Connection of the Germanic Tongues, a Map of Languages, and the Essentials of Anglo-Saxon Grammar. By the Rev. J. Bosworth, D.D., of Christ Church, Oxford, Professor of Anglo-Saxon in that University, F.R.S., &c." This will be published in the same form as Liddell and Scott's Lexicon. "The Republic of Plato. A Revised Text, with Analysis and Notes in English. By the Rev. B. Jowett, M.A., Fellow of Balliol College, and Regius Professor of Greek." "Britton. The first known Treatise upon the Common Law of England, written in the Language of the Courts. A New Edition; the Text carefully revised and amended from the best MSS., with various Readings, an English Translation, and Explanatory Notes. By F. M. Nichols, M.A., late Fellow of Wadham College." "Burnet's History of the Reformation of the Church of England. A New Edition, carefully revised, and the Records collated with the originals. By the Rev. N. Pocock, M.A., late Michel Fellow of Queen's College." "A Treatise on the Infinitesimal Calculus. Vol. II. Integral Calculus and Calculus of Variations. By the Rev. Bartholomew Price, M.A., F.R.S., Fellow and late Tutor of Pembroke College, and Sedleian Professor of Natural Philosophy, Oxford. Second Edition." "The Texts of the Earliest MSS. of the New Testament. Arranged with parallel columns, and compared with the Edition of R. Stephens, 1550. By R. H. Hansell, B.D., late Fellow of Magdalen College." The MSS. selected for this work are the Codex Alexandrinus, Codex Vaticanus, 1209, Codex Ephraemi Syri rescriptus, Codex Bezae (Gospels and Acts), Codex Dublinensis rescriptus (St. Matthew), Codex Laudianus (Acts), Codex Glaromontanus (Pauline Epistles), Codex Vaticanus, 2066 (Apocalypse). A Collation of the Text of the New Testament from the Sinaitic MS. with that of R. Stephens will be added in an Appendix.

Mr. WILLIAM COLLINS, of Glasgow, has commenced the publication of a new work on the locomotive engine, to be completed in twenty parts, imperial 4to., each part containing three double-sheet engraved plates and sixteen pages of letterpress. It is entitled, "Locomotive Engineering and the Mechanism of Railways: a Treatise on the Principles and Construction of the Locomotive Engine, Railway Carriages, and Railway Plant. By Zerah Colburn. Illustrated with sixty large engravings and numerous woodcuts."

Messrs. A. & C. BLACK'S list of new works in the press comprises "A Handbook to the Principal Schools of Sculpture, Ancient and Modern," by Richard Westmacott, Professor of Sculpture, Royal Academy of Arts, London; "The Design and Construction of Harbours," by Thomas Stevenson; a new edition, revised, of "Principles of Political Economy," by J. R. McCulloch, Esq.; and other works.

Messrs. SMITH, ELDER, & Co., will shortly publish, "Under the Ban" (Le Mandit), from the French of the Abbé \* \* \*, 3 vols., post 8vo.; "Hester Kirtan," by the author of "Chesterford;" "A Bad Beginning," &c., 3 vols., post 8vo.; "A Fatal Error, or the Vyviannes," by J. Masterman, 2 vols., post 8vo.; "Darkest before Dawn," by the author of "The Cruellest Wrong of All," 3 vols., post 8vo.; "The Portent, a Romance of the Taishitarawgh, or Inner Vision of the Highlanders, commonly called Second Sight," by George McDonald, author of "Phantastes," &c., post 8vo.; and "St. Knighton's Keive," by the Rev. F. Talbot O'Donoghue, post 8vo.

In addition to numerous other works already announced, Messrs. HURST & BLACKETT have in the press a new novel, in three vols., by Lady Blake, entitled "My Stepfather's Home;" and another, also in three vols., by the Author of "St. Olave's," entitled "Janita's Cross."

Mr. SKEFFINGTON will publish in a few days, dedicated by permission to the Archbishop of York, "The Mosaic Origin of the Pentateuch Considered," in connection with Parts II. and III. of Bishop Colenso's Critical Examination, by a Layman of the Church of England, Author of "The Historic Character of the Pentateuch Vindicated."

Messrs. J. H. & J. PARKER announce the completion of their "Library of Anglo-Catholic Theology," embracing some of the most important works of the divines of the seventeenth century.



## LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS FOR THE WEEK.

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 Archbold (J. F.), Law of Landlord and Tenant. New edit. 12mo., 14s.  
 Bacon (L.), Christian Self Culture. Feap., 2s. 6d.  
 Bailly (F.), Doctrine of Life Annuities. 8vo., £2. 2s.  
 Barbara's Home, by M. Blount. 3 vols. Post 8vo., £1. 11s. 6d.  
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 Christ's Life, by Dr. J. P. Lange. 6 vols. (Vols. I. to III.) 8vo., 35s.  
 Cherry and Violet. New edit. Cr. 8vo., 3s. 6d.  
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## MEETINGS OF LEARNED SOCIETIES NEXT WEEK.

## MONDAY.

ARCHITECTS.—At 8 P.M.  
 MEDICAL.—At 8.30 P.M.  
 ASIATIC.—At 3 P.M.

## TUESDAY.

CIVIL ENGINEERS.—At 8 P.M. "Description of the Santiago and Valparaiso Railway." By Mr. Wm. Lloyd, M. Inst. C.E.  
 STATISTICAL.—At 8 P.M. "On the Commercial Resources of Brazil." By Mr. James Heywood.  
 PATHOLOGICAL.—At 8 P.M.  
 ANTHROPOLOGICAL.—At 8 P.M.  
 ROYAL INSTITUTION.—At 3 P.M. Professor Helmholtz "On the Conservation of Energy."

## WEDNESDAY.

METEOROLOGICAL.—At 7 P.M.  
 SOCIETY OF ARTS.—At 8 P.M.  
 ROYAL LITERATURE.—At 4 P.M. Anniversary.

## THURSDAY.

ROYAL.—At 8 P.M. 1. "On the Orders and Genera of Quadratic Forms containing more than three Indeterminates." By Professor H. J. Smith. 2. "On some Phenomena exhibited by Gun-cotton and Gun-powder under special conditions of exposure to Heat." By Professor Abel. 3. "On Magnesium." By Dr. Phipson.  
 LINNEAN.—At 8 P.M.  
 CHEMICAL.—At 8 P.M. "On the Philosophy of British Agriculture." By Mr. J. T. Way.  
 NUMISMATIC.—At 7 P.M.  
 ROYAL INSTITUTION.—At 3 P.M. Professor Helmholtz "On the Conservation of Energy."

## FRIDAY.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.—At 8 P.M. "On Lycurgus." By Professor Blackie.

## SATURDAY.

ANTIQUARIES.—At 2 P.M. Anniversary.  
 BOTANIC.—At 3.45 P.M.  
 ROYAL INSTITUTION.—At 3 P.M. Professor Frankland "On the Metallic Elements."

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